

# THE LESBIAN TIDE

A FEMINIST LESBIAN PUBLICATION, WRITTEN BY AND FOR THE RISING TIDE OF WOMEN TODAY



We were fearless, we were daring  
Everyone was proudly wearing  
Two Women's symbols side by side  
See my newly refinished closet door  
On the cover of The \_\_\_\_\_ Tide.

## COVER DYKES

We're part of Sappho's band  
We're scattered through the land  
We want to feel our communion  
Want to see our union  
On the cover of The Lesbian Tide.



# *Sensuality Issue*

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# The LESBIAN TIDE

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The opinions expressed in this magazine are not necessarily those of the Tide Collective.

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# -sizing UP SOCIETY

## SENSUALITY AND SEXUALITY

by Sharon Anthony

A common conception of sensual is the enjoyment of perceiving things through the sense of touch, i.e., fabrics, surfaces, etc. Sexual is seen as having to do with a biological drive, like eating or drinking . . . or as the sole means of true intimate contact. I believe that we should look at sex with the same cynicism and analysis as we do sex-roles.

The hypothesis which I would like to present is that, in the human female, sensuality is the priority over sexuality, and that nearly 100% of sexual activity is for sensual fulfillment; that sensuality is the biological drive and that it has been subverted by patriarchal ideology into sexuality.

In this society, the sensual woman is rather frowned upon as a person with an arrested state of development. She cannot deal with "real" life and must find stability by close contact with her environment. The sensual woman, also scornfully called "a toucher", is often avoided because of her usual innocent attitude and apparent need for tactility. If the sensual sister is also very physical, her actions are interpreted in several ways: (1) She is rather childish and is looking for a surrogate parent (2) She is a clinging female (3) She is seen as being overtly sexual and is on the make, cruising, whatever you wish to call it. If interpreted as being overtly sexual, she is the butt of strong community criticism, grudgingly admired, and in some cases, very much admired for her audacity. (But keep your lover away from her.)

On the other hand, we have the sexual person, who is often admired for her aggressiveness, prowess and captivating air. Although joked about, she is also respected and expected to perform her role as a sexual person.

In our society, and perhaps in the world, sex, for a woman, is considered the supreme commitment and the sole means to physical intimacy. This suits patriarchy very well. Allow me to give my version of how this perversion came about.

In the matriarchal society, men served only as the means to procreation. Once their usefulness ended, they were discarded. Men performed their "duty" — the menial, gruesome task of sex, and were done with as soon as possible. I can see how men, when they revolted, would put all kinds of importance, symbolism, religious rites and taboos around the thing that had degraded them the most.

As time passed, men kept the power over sex and put women into the position of objects. As time went on, men became trapped in their own ideology — glorifying sex, marriage and all of its superfluous appendages . . . (ad nauseum).

Now, having long forgotten why sex became so important in the first place, the society has its scientists (men), who do research. And what do they say? "Looky, looky, sex is a biological drive", thus giving it double security as a social system. (1) Sex is a physical necessity and (2) It is the only way to really express your love for someone. And, tacked on to this, is the clause in small, bold print that one can only love someone of the opposite sex. Otherwise how would men keep their dominance?

Sex is the male (patriarchal) system of control. Its goals are orgasm and power. With all the sanctity that has been laid on



Photo by MIRIAM SINOS

sex to assuage the male ego and to enslave the female ego, it becomes intrinsically possessive. With that possessiveness comes jealousy, distrust and hate (sometimes subtle, sometimes not). It makes the relationship one of master and servant.

This is bad enough when a woman is involved with a man. But when a woman is a Lesbian, this unquestioning acceptance of patriarchal ideology is hideous. Yet, we seem totally blind to this. Our Masters Have taught us well.

However, considering that we live by this sex ideology, what does it do to the Lesbian relationship, a relationship which has everything against it to start out with?

As I see it, it can turn into a mock heterosexual relationship based on the sanctity of marriage (justification for long-term monogamous sex). Or one can have many lovers, either all at once or in succession. But we will never find fulfillment living with this attitude of sex. I feel that sex is a misreading of our most basic needs.

I believe that sexism is the root of all oppression. And I just as sincerely believe that sex is the root of sexism. I do not believe there can be a good, unoppressive, free sexual relationship, for this attitude of sex is the oppressor.

The divide-and-conquer method is used in interpersonal relationships, as well as in the Movement. However, I feel that it is much more devastating in personal relationships. For women, who are intrinsically sensual, sex remains forever an alien concept. Sex divides our emotions and needs from the

*Continued on Page 34*



# FROM US...

Another month has gone by too fast in our over-active, under-staffed *Lesbian Tide* life. As we struggle to press this month, we realize once again what we realize every month with menstrual regularity — our litany of 'not-enoughs': not enough news coverage, not enough graphics, not enough in-depth analysis, not enough staff, not enough time, and of course, not enough money. But, dear dyke readers, lest this sound like merely a whining complaint, we assure you that it is not intended in a complaining spirit. It is intended in the spirit of seduction. We solicit Lesbian Nation in the most seductive spirit of lesbian love.

## THE LESBIAN TIDE SOLICITS:

A porno column, news coverage (the news article, in this issue, on the gay busts in Orange County, is a good example of what we want more of), graphics (our cup is so graphically empty it makes us thirsty just to look at it), articles, and last but not least, women who want to work with us.

Future themes we are considering and trying to organize: for November — Culture; for December — a Culture / Sensuality deluxe combination; and for the new year — lesbians and children, lesbian herstory, witchcraft, third-world women, sports, nonsense / humor, lesbians-around-the-world, lesbian businesses, women in prison, older lesbians, and . . . literally, you name it.

We are, furthermore, feeling a need to add some new regular features, but we'll need input in order to incorporate them. Our news coverage is, at present and at best, haphazard and weak. We'd like it to be dependable and strong. In fact, and farthest flight of editorial fantasy, we'd like to have a regular news section. We'd also like to have a regular calendar section. We suffer, as you may have gathered, from periodic irregularity which is caused by our insufficient and somewhat unbalanced diet — help us get regular. FEED US.

As prelude to our calendar, upcoming L.A. events we particularly recommend are the Good Taste Productions' concerts (see ad in this issue), and the Seis Mujeres (Six Women) Cabarets. "Six Women" is one hot, fine woman-band and blossoming production group. If that sounds biased — it is. Seis Mujeres Cabarets (dancing and live entertainment) will be happening on the evenings of November 8th and 22nd in the Larchmont Hall (118 N. Larchmont Blvd., L.A.) at working women's prices.

Shortly before going to press, we received a letter asking how we felt about participating in the Christopher Street West parade/march. As we discussed our questionable participation, we realized that, for the time being, all we can commit to Christopher Street West is our own confusion. Recognizing the importance of being able to mobilize large masses, we are confused about the validity of mobilizing for Christopher Street. In hopes of generating a forum (and shedding some light on our confusion), we throw the proverbial floor, and our mailbox, open to input.

Finally, in order to give overt and supportive recognition to the quality for which we are striving, the *Lesbian Tide* has decided to award a \$10 prize to the writer of the finest monthly article.

# TO US...

## Letters to the Collective

Sisters,

*It was a real treat to see your spoof on MS.—rather your Indykement because I wanted to punch Barbara Grizutti Harrison in the nose after I read her reactionary article on Romance. ('No matter HOW MUCH those men oppress me, I STILL love them and need them!!') I read even a worse one in NEW YORK MAGAZINE (NOT NEW YORKER) called "Lesbian Chic" or something . . . about how just thinking of being PASSIONATE with a woman and kissing her made her laugh it was so ABSURD. How dare B.G.H. still write such anti-woman material and still get published in OUR magazines? Well, I guess MS. ain't . . . (and NEW YORK MAGAZINE) has C.I.A. connections.*

*Keep up the honest, strong writing.*

*Lesbian love,  
Nina*

Dear Tide:

*We want to thank you a whole lot for the fine review you wrote of our first record. We have one correction, however. "Lady," the song performed by Meg Christian, was written by Carole King and Gerry Goffin. We have no idea what they had in mind when they wrote it, but Susan Kuhner certainly hit the nail on the head about what Meg meant when she sang it.*

*In sisterhood,  
Ginny Berson, for  
Olivia Records*

Dear Tide Collective,

*Your magazine just keeps getting better all the time!*

*I am very pleased that you are expanding your news to other parts of California as well as the L.A. area. There is so much happening in this state right now . . . for and by women.*

*Keep up the good work.*

*Sisterhood,  
Sharon Crase*

P.S. Please inform Julie Lee of N.J.D.O.B. that the S.F. Lesbian Community is as divided on the S.L.A. issue as is the L.A. Lesbian Community. But the majority of lesbians I know are very pro-S.L.A. and consider the death of our four sisters with horror, sorrow, disappointment, and regret. Many of us were personally acquainted with Miz Moon and Camilla Hall and the news of their murders deeply hurt each of us. So, tell Julie she can stop puking now!

Dear Sisters,

*Enclosed is a "special bonus", some bumper stickers. We lesbians in Wisconsin are fortunate to have a male bastard running for governor by the name of William Dyke . . . so we customize the bumper stickers and salvage as many "Dyke" buttons as we can. Unfortunately, we can't use them at the present time here or people'd think we were votin' for him . . . but perhaps they'll be of use to you.*

*Thanks,  
Karla Dobinski  
Madison, Wisconsin*

Collective Note: Enclosed were two black and orange DYKE bumper stickers. We are writing to ask for more.





# WOMANDATE TO AFFIRMATION

by Jeanne Cordova

(This speech was given in Los Angeles on Woman's Equality Day, August 26th, 1974).

I BELIEVE IN THE GODDESS, OUR MOTHER ETERNAL, CREATOR OF LOVE BETWEEN WOMEN, AND OF ALL THINGS OF BEAUTY AND LIGHT. I BELIEVE IN MYSELF, HER BEGOTTEN DAUGHTER, BORN OF DIANA OF BEAUTY, WHO SUFFERED UNDER MAN, WAS RAPED, DIED AND WAS FORGOTTEN. WHO IN THE CYCLE, IN FULFILLMENT OF OUR LAW, WILL RISE AGAIN, ASCEND FROM HER BONDAGE TO TRIUMPH OVER OUR CAPTORS. I BELIEVE SHE WILL COME AGAIN IN GLORY TO RULE IN HER MOTHER RIGHT.\*

I came here today wanting to speak about the new signs of humor, song, and music that I have seen raining into our movement after the long drought of rhetoric. I wanted to laugh and hear woman laughter around me. Several days ago however I was interrupted by a tragedy that even today I find impossible to shake off.

Three years ago a book called THE FIRST SEX was published. That now classic feminist document speaks about the supremacy of the early matriaricial societies and their worship of the goddesses. Three days ago someone told me of the death of Elizabeth Gould Davis, the author of THE FIRST SEX. Like a good reporter I ignored the knot that began to form in my gut and called New York for the story. According to Associated Press and New York's MAJORITY REPORT (feminist newspaper), Elizabeth Gould Davis died on July 30th of a self inflicted gun shot wound. The story also reports that Davis had cancer.

"So the woman is dead, and write it up and be sure it gets in before tomorrow's deadline," dictated the reporter. "These things happen all the time. Don't be upset, don't take it personally."

I wanted to talk today about the value of humor and joy and how we feminists deserve it because we've worked our asses off for almost a decade. But the woman is dead. It happens all the time. I take it personally.

I take it personally when I hear and read about Kate Millett's near psychic suicide and her pain of being lesbian and feminist in the meat market media's exploitive factories. I take it personally when I watch lesbians and feminists slaughtered in the S.L.A. massacre. I take it personally when I hear of cops busting into the Women's Building to harrass and assault women working in OUR home. I take it personally when I walk into a lesbian bar and see women so drunk they can't drive home. I take it personally that none of them were at last Friday's dyke concert laughing with us. I take it personally when I read about another housewife who couldn't find a reason to get out of bed in the morning, so she hasn't for the last four years. I take it personally when I hear that fifteen lesbians were busted in Orange County bars this month. I take it personally when I visit my woman friend in a mental



Photo by SANDY P.

institution. I took it personally the weeks and months I contemplated the existential value of suicide, calling it a woman's Affirmative Action Plan. I take it personally because I know that woman.

I know that dead woman, that "crazy" woman, that drunk woman, that empty woman — is me, was me, could be every womandyke that society has damned to a private journey to nowhere.

I take it personally because I am a woman searching to climb out of my own isolation into the skin of other women. I take it personally because I call myself part of a Movement that says women don't have to be alone anymore. I take it personally because a new consciousness tells me women can't make it alone without selling out or dying. I take it personally because that's no kind of choice.

I also took it personally because that sister's death stopped me in the middle of a new song. The song was ushering out the old era of political negativism and character consumerism that depleted our movement and the superstar in each of us. It was a new song saying good riddance to the purging years when we were down. Down on structure; all structure, down on leaders; all leaders; down on any woman who spoke to a man; down on any woman who spoke to a woman who spoke to a man, and down on OUR media, who 'never printed the right' version; our version, and down on elitism which included everywoman whose name you heard more than once a week, and down on books; down on centers; down on programs and poems and people sisters who didn't say exactly what we wanted them to say.

To be "politically correct" in the early 70's one had to be a paralyzed mute- homogenized, pasteurized and sewerized in the hypocrisy of downward mobility. The new song doesn't have that catchy cadence of horizontal hostility.

In the last 7 conferences, 12 concerts, and 120 meetings I've attended this year I've heard a new melody of positivism that has been long overdue. The melody is calling for new



structure; not no structure. I sing the melody when I go to a conference or concert and realize I'm damn glad SOMEONE organized it. The notes are telling me if I don't like what I see, what I hear when I arrive, I'd best take my own power and throw the next one myself. The chords are saying that purity in feminist values is best achieved by learning from, rather than negating, other's efforts. The progression says, be proud of that sister who spoke about feminism on the late news even though she didn't say exactly what I would have. The new melody sings, be proud of the miserably few leaders in our movement who have the guts and strength to turn down equal pay in the man's world to work in our world for nickels or nothing. The new song rises in a chorus celebrating the fact that there are so many feminists events in this community, I no longer have to spend my money or saturday nights in a male owned establishment. I am very proud to know and support the women of this country who use their power and their lousy \$150.00 monthly income to provide me with a woman-identified political and cultural environment. The new song speaks about affirmation of power and leadership in myself and other women because I know, that kind of love and respect for our accomplishments is the only thing that stands between us and terminal isolation. A woman from the East Coast told me the other day, "You all seem so busy creating out here, you probably don't have time for the luxury of woman hatred." Hera keeps us from such stagnation!

I'm not sure Elizabeth Gould David heard this new song. I'm not sure that it would have mattered. But that song matters to me and matters to the rest of us who plan to be around to turn this jungle back into the Woman Home she told us about. We haven't got the money men have. We haven't got their control or their institutions — yet. Today affirmation of ourselves is our only power. Affirmation is our womandate to each other.

\* from, *SEXISM IT'S A NASTY AFFAIR!* ▲

## BIRTH MARKS

now  
my birthmarks are moving  
the small brown dots  
are bugs  
like the one  
I pinned against your chest  
years ago  
before I fell asleep

by Fran Winant



## another one (elizabeth gould davis)

by annie doczi

"The ages of masculism are now drawing to a close. Their dying days are lit up by a final flare of universal violence and despair such as the world has seldom before seen."

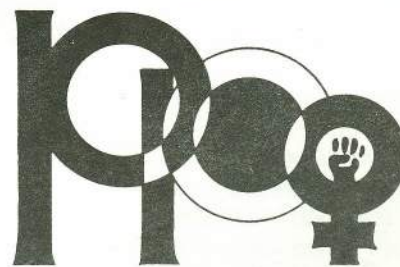
The First Sex, p.339  
Elizabeth Gould Davis

there was a woman once  
an older woman and academic  
a scholar even  
she wrote a book  
*The First Sex*  
and later she was raped by a man  
and later she killed herself with a gun

a loving woman  
filled with vision  
loving Woman  
down through time  
she said there was a time  
before history  
a golden age  
when the bull followed the Goddess  
and had not yet run rampant

"Recorded history starts with a patriarchal revolution. Let it continue with the matriarchal counter-revolution that is the only hope for the survival of the human race."

The First Sex, p.18



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# ORANGE COUNTY RED LIGHTS "GAY MECCA"

by Starlyn Howard

November is election month and so, of course, the vice squad is out, in all their glory, to help the politicians win votes from the straight majority in this ultra-conservative county. As of this date, at least 75 people have been arrested and there are warrants out for another 100, or so. It seems if you are even seen in a gay bar, you can be arrested for alleged lewd conduct — even if you didn't do anything! Of course, few will probably ever get to court or get convicted, but at least the politicians can say, 'look at all the queers we have *arrested*.'

Meanwhile, we are the ones who pay for all these 'arrests to get votes.' Some who are arrested lose their jobs and all the bars lose business because the customers just don't come in for fear of being arrested. Then it turns out that six bars have been closed down.\* Where else can the gay community get together to discuss these events and how to organize against them?

Rumor has it that standard procedure for the police is to let you go, if you can provide them the names and addresses of five other gay people. Usually, there is at least *some* truth to every rumor.

What is being done? Admittedly, little can be done when you're fighting the police, the city council, the D.A., and the pressure of 'straight public opinion' on these agencies to "clean up the city."

First, a group of six men and one woman protested the harassment at a Garden Grove City Council meeting where

## COPS BUST WOMEN; WOMEN BUST COPS

by J. Cordova

Los Angeles: As employees of the Women's Building, feminist art and cultural center, Cheryl Swannack and Margie Elliot were doing their job the night they were accosted by three LAPD officers. Locking the doors of their downtown L.A. building, the women were approached for what appeared to be a routine check by Sgt. Spangler and Officers Bacon and Alvarez of the Ramparts Division. After showing identification and stating their purpose, both women were "beaten and brutalized" by the officers. Ms. Swannack was thrown against the wall of the building, her glasses were broken. Choked by one of the officers, she lost consciousness. Ms. Elliot was thrown to the ground and kicked. One week later, both women received summons to a City Attorney's hearing; the officers were charging THEM with assault. Represented by Smith & Cogan, expert criminal lawyers, Elliott, Swannack and one hundred feminist supporters arrived for their August 16th hearing. Waiving their right to privacy, the defendants demanded that officials permit their supporters into the hearing room. Five minutes after hearing testimony from the officers and defendants, the women were freed, charges were dropped. Now represented by a feminist attorney, Swannack and Elliott are preparing for court action against the above-named officers. The charge is assault.

they were practically ignored. An ACLU representative informed the council that ACLU observers would be posted "in gay bars to monitor police conduct."

Additionally, I have heard that the owner of the Happy Hour (lesbian bar) in Garden Grove, either plans to, or already has filed suit against the city in order to fight back.

On September 7th, a Gay March down Harbor Blvd., in busy Saturday noon traffic, was held, starting at the D.O.K. West, a gay bar, and proceeding to City Hall. It was organized by United Gays For Equal Treatment to protest the closing of the bars and the arrests. 400 people from the gay community showed up for the march, which is fantastic for ultra-conservative Orange County. Of course, all the police had to say was, "The march proceeded without incident." Seems our oppressors don't listen unless you're a majority, and we're only a large minority.

We, in the gay community, are angry and frustrated by the lack of response to our protests. It seems that AmeriKa is truly the land of the free, only if you're straight.

I encourage sisters to write in suggestions about how we can fight this harassment on a mass nation-wide scale. Garden Grove is not the only city that suffers this oppression, as I'm sure you know.

\* These bars: The Happy Hour (lesbian), D.O.K. West (men), Ranger (mixed), Circus (men), Mug (men), and Saddle Club (men), are seven out of the ten popular gay bars located on the Garden Grove Strip. All are being prosecuted under the Red Lite Abatement Act enacted in California state law in 1913. This law was formerly used to close houses of prostitution and topless bars. It legislates that any establishment that is proven to be a "nuisance" (a place where 'lewdness, assignation, or prostitution' takes place) can be permanently closed down. The obvious intent of the Garden Grove harassment is to break the "gay mecca" that has existed in that city for well over a decade. The huge number of arrests are the results of a six-month intensive undercover operation by vice officers in Orange County. Most of the arrested were charged with committing misdemeanors (6472 — lewd conduct) or felonies (288a — oral copulation) in the above-named establishments. The purpose of these arrests was to have evidence to show that the above-named places were "nuisances" and could thereby 'legally' be shut down. A large number of the arrested are being represented by ACLU staff attorney, Lawrence Buckley. All of Buckley's clients are pleading innocent.

— J. Cordova

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## OTES OF

# A HIGH PRIESTESS



by Z. Budapest

I am a high priestess of Dianna, the Virgin Goddess, Huntress of the Night, Defender of Women, and Mother of all that's alive. This might sound a little far-fetched to modern ears, but the concept of the triple Goddess is very ancient, and is coming back into public consciousness.

On Europe's map, you find Dianna's name immortalized in the names of rivers: Duna, Don, Danube, etc. She was known by ten thousand names, which is proof of her once universal worship. What happened to her? For a long time, her shrines went unchallenged. Simple folk gathered together on her Sabbath nights. Women were the expressions of this powerful deity on earth. Then, somebody came up with the idea that there is a god who is self-created and therefore owes nothing to women for his life. With this revolutionary patriarchal concept, the seeds of our sexist society were sown.

Today, what was once a wishful fancy (self-created male without mother), has become a vehicle to vent male anger on the entire female sex. Male hatred is incorporated into laws, customs, and church practices. Women are meticulously excluded from the priestesshoods which are their oldest profession (not prostitution, as common male myth has it). This male monopoly of spirituality is also followed by non-Christian faiths. In the orient, for example, women are not taught magic. Most witchcraft books are even written by men.

The ancient law of woman's wisdom (the Wicca) said, power shared is power lost. In 1974, I most emphatically demand, what power???? Women have very little power. Now, that law must change into its opposite. Power shared is power multiplied. Blessed be.

Today, the idea of a male god is thinning. At the Feminist Wicca, where I finally came into my own profession, I sit at the heart of the streets. Women come in for help who never come near a women's center. I have opportunities to read the Tarot with a feminist interpretation for completely straight women. My advice to them is not, "You gonna meet a handsome young man and all your troubles are over," but rather, "You better start digging yourself, loving yourself, standing up for your interest, enlarge your world, trust women, stop competing for men." When people's lives run onto rocky shores, society leaves them only the witch to come to as a last resort. Unfortunately, witches themselves are socialized, and their help is often like the blind leading the blind. Being a political witch is the only way to fulfill one's obligations toward sisters who need us.

We have taken charge of our bodies, let's take our sweet souls back from male gods. Let's make women's religion a major bond among ourselves. Let's establish witches covens from coast to coast. Let our culture-makers write songs for us, let's recapture our old dances, and let's practice being free.

Goddess worship will make us proud, powerful, and effective. Dianna, the first aspect of the Goddess, is a lesbian Goddess. She never consorted with men, but hung out with sixty ocean nymphs and twenty river nymphs. No man was allowed to violate her privacy. Once, when she took a bath, a man was found in the vicinity — the poor shmuck had fallen asleep and was left behind by some hunting party. Dianna turned her dogs on him to tear him limb from limb. Can you imagine what this Goddess has in store for rapists?

The craft isn't just religion, it's a life-style. Our calendar differs from the Christian one, our holidays are the Sabbaths which are solar happenings — solstices and equinoxes. We






know the herbs, we know the spells, we know how to cure, bless, and curse. All of this is everywoman's heritage. All women should have more control over their lives, health, love affairs, and enemies. We have dedicated ourselves to spreading this knowledge, to teaching and to helping. Women are afraid of witchcraft because of the image given to it by male public relations. Don't buy it any more. Think of your mothers and their mothers, were they evil? The separation of women by the enforcement of male standards has worked against witches very well — after the burnings of eight million sisters and four hundred men, hardly any literature mourned the women. Big silence.

I mourn for those wise women every day, but I also get very strong with anger. The spiritual leadership of a rising tide of humanity is women's religion. You, woman, are the natural mystic, healer, and spell-maker. Kept in ignorance, your powers are being eaten away by the rust of time. But your third eye, the mystical pituitary gland, is much larger than a man's — it acts every month, triggering your moon cycle, triggering conception, triggering magnetic fields. For a change, biology works in our favor. Are you ready to accept the responsibility to overcome the world's spiritual starvation? Dianna is beckoning, she never bucked a good fight. Religion is the highest of politics. As in heaven so on earth. May She stand tall in your dreams. Blessed be. ▲

## The Feminist

# WICCA



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# BLESS THIS TRYST

*by Susan Kuhner*

Zsuzsanna (Z) Budapest, High Priestess of the Susan B. Anthony Coven I, and I went to San Diego on a spiritual mission. Two sisters had asked us to perform a tryst for them. A tryst is a ritual to bless a relationship between 2 persons. It is not a binding, such as a wedding ceremony: the symbols are different as is the intent. A tryst is a statement of trust and a pledge of honesty. It is to invoke the female forces of the universe for help in the growth process of the individuals and the partnership.

Upon arrival, Z treated the wine with a love potion comprised of dulce and coriander, which are herbs that bind hearts together. At 9:40 p.m., when Juno (Jupiter) was rising, Z, myself, the 2 sisters, and 2 of their friends went outside to purify and consecrate the ground, 6 white candles (6 is the number associated with love), and the participants. Sea salt, witch's broom (an herb that banishes evil), water, and words were used.

Everything that was used and that was accomplished had symbolic meaning and purpose. This particular night was chosen because it was just prior to the full moon. In this way there was direction toward completion rather than the state of completion, as symbolized by the full moon. Two garlands of white roses were made by the sisters, representing crowns of purity and flowers sacred to the goddess, Diana.

Z drew the circle within which the ritual occurred with her witch's wand and then marked it with flour (representative of the earth). I followed her with salt (the wise element of the earth that preserves life and banishes evil). She then evoked the 4 powers of the universe, admitted us into the circle one by one from the South (from which direction passion and heat and fire originates), purified and blessed us, gave each a lighted candle, and then drew down the moon and all the powers. I lit the cauldron in which there were 26 herbs, each attracting positive elements into their relationship: love, protection, strength, money, etc.

Once inside the consecrated area, Z and I verbally blessed their relationship by calling for unfailing friendship, honesty, trust, and courage, by asking the Goddesses to feed their woman-loving-woman energy into these sisters, by invoking the highest feminine energies into their life. We were all asked to hum so that we might unify our energies into a single, strong chord. The sisters drank the herb-treated wine from a golden chalice, they crowned each other with the white rose crowns, and were pronounced, "Lovers in trust." One of them played her flute to please the Goddesses that were present within the sacred circle. Z then opened the circle and the feast began. Goddesses love their earth daughters to partake OF PLEASURES AND TO SHARE THEM AMONG THEMSELVES. Artichokes, bananas, peaches, pineapples, wine, and sharing continued throughout the evening. Blessed be this tryst, an alternative to bindings. ▲



# Feminist Spiritual Evolution

by Susan Kuhner, p.h.d.



The first recorded use of the word "freedom" occurred in the Sumerian city-state of Lagash about 2350 B.C. The word is *amargi* which means literally "return to mother."

*dona justin*

Religion is a part of our culture that has not yet been brought strongly into feminist politics. From my talks with women, it has become my belief that this is no accident, since religion is a highly emotional word and concept, one with many negative, oppressing associations. Usually we are easier with the term "spirituality" and the two do seem quite different. I, for instance, never associated spirituality with Christianity; the only spirit I knew of in church was the holy one, better known as the "ghost". And we all know what the associations are to that word.

My spirituality didn't begin developing until I gave up religion. In my earlier years, I had been very much a PROTESTANT. I read the bible from alpha to omega, wondering how, with all the contradictions between the old and new testaments, there could ever be a combination like "Judeo-Christian religion." I knew that I was a righteous, well-intended person and I didn't feel the need to kneel before, look up to, or confess my state of being to some bearded dude who got a lot of publicity for being one of the few males who seemed to know something about love.

Through literature in high school I turned on to existentialism, Taoism, Zen, other Buddhisms, Hinduism, and other Eastern philosophies. I flourished in my self-knowledge and understanding of the universe. The male god of the old testament, the male son of god in the new testament were clearly disqualified on the basis of their duality and relativity. And, thought I, these pot-bellied masters and gurus are very

right-on. I learned a great deal from them about being, but my evolution was not complete (although I certainly did not know where to go once I had gone around the world). I knew I was finished with what men had to teach and I felt terrible: empty, lost, scared that my spirit would surely starve.

Recently I have been turned on to Feminist Spirituality. At first exposure I thought, "I know that the source is a circle, yin/yang type with equally masculine and feminine qualities. It is neutral." Then I thought, "The circle is a female symbol, as is the curve separating the polarities." Hmmm. I began to read books I had never seen before: THE GREAT MOTHER, THE WHITE GODDESS, MOTHERS AND AMAZONS, and I began to look at books on magic and witchcraft and other rituals that have been kept from us by the patriarchs. Of course witchcraft works: why else would men burn women for practicing it? I am still reading.

By getting into our history and earliest civilizations, I am becoming more and more aware that women must remember our great matriarchies and Amazon nations; we must return to the Female Source of the universe with our psychic energies in order to regain our strength and self-love.

The Female Principle is the Creative Force and I am not speaking of mere biology. It is not an accident that the elements, such as water, earth, and all that is considered natural is also considered feminine. Even the patriarchs couldn't bring themselves to absurdly redefining these as "Father Nature", even though they took credit for most everything else.

In reading about various rituals involving candle magic, incense, and other forms of psychic channeling, I have identified a basic and crucial difference between Christian ritual and "old religion" (female-identified, pagan) ritual. The thoughts of the former frequently have to do with war, brute force, blood, and victory concepts. They also bring guilt, shame, sin, and powerlessness into the thoughts and feelings of the practitioner. For example, to conquer fear the Christian way, after the candles and incense are lit, Psalm 31 is prescribed:

In thee o Lord I put my trust, sham'd let me never be;  
Accordingly to thy righteousness do thou deliver me.  
Bow down thy ear to me, with speed give me deliverance.  
To save me, my strong rock be thou, and my house of defense.  
Because thou art my rock, and thee I for my fortress take;  
Therefore do thou me lead and guide, e'en for thine own  
name's sake.

On the other hand, the verse given according to the old religion is very different. It is often addressed to the High Priestess or to the "great goddess" and it is far more self-oriented and directed. Instead of the practitioner "asking for" what she wants from a holier-than-thou, do-you-deserve-it god, the words are positive statements about the result of the ritual; there is no kneeling in body or spirit. For example, to

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# FAT DYKES DON'T MAKE IT

by Lynn Mabel-Lois

I came out and nobody cared. I didn't exactly expect a ticker-tape parade, but this is ridiculous. I finally got the guts to admit that I love women, wrote an explanatory letter to my mother, announced to my friends that I had done the thing that I spent my life avoiding, and all I got was a couple "Right-On's" and a few cans of diet soda. No one turns on to a fat lesbian. It's not fashionable.

Fuck you. Fuck all of you. Your hot-shot alternative life-styles and "different" aesthetics are lies. Women seem to think of me as a sister-eunuch. I'm not alone in feeling this; there is a whole community of fat women within the women's community, and we all feel this. Our heads are fine, our bodies do not exist.

Fear of fat was an \$11 billion dollar industry in this country alone last year. Everyone from President Ford to your mother is on a diet. They voluntarily starve themselves, causing a multitude of physical ills which are connected not with obesity but with the stress of oppression and the body damage of gaining and losing weight. If we do not diet, we are rejecting the values of this society, values that place aesthetics before health. Only 1% of the people who lose weight can keep it off for 5 years. This means we spend our lives dieting, feeding the industries that starve us. The reason straight women diet has nothing to do with health. They diet because they are constantly barraged by the media with messages like "Lose Ugly Fat," "Keep your figure, keep your man," and countless other similar messages every day that tell all of us that we are not entitled to a place in society if we do not conform to the image men have of us, if we do not fit current male fantasies.

The lesbian community is up to its clit in male values. You still have weight limits — they're just a little higher here than in the man's world. It's OK for dykes to be "strong-looking," i.e., weigh 20 pounds more, but it's not OK to be fat. There is no place for us.

The only coverage Ms. magazine ever gave a fat woman was Rosalyn Drexler at Duke University on a rice diet. Amazon Quarterly did an interview with a woman who was fat until she came out, then she "got her shit together" and lost weight. The implication is that we can't have our shit together and still be fat. Coming out was seen as the Lesbian Way to Stay Forever Thin.

I might even be able to find some humor in the situation if it was not so personally oppressive. We have here this wonderful community of politically correct sisters, who all hate looksism and look as tough as they please. Nobody considers wearing make-up or using a depilatory. Facial hair is OK here. Everyone fights a daily battle to overcome ageism, is it that you just need to have your fascism laid out for you? For this I left Philadelphia? I'm tired of people telling me how much they love my head and how they think I'm truly beautiful and then going home with someone else.

As fat Lesbians we are doubly oppressed by men. Let me lay out an example of double oppression.

The last time I was raped I reported it to the police. I had no options; I needed medical treatment and in the city I was in a hospital could not treat you unless you reported the rape. I had never seen the face of the rapist. I was blindfolded and raped repeatedly, and threatened with strangulation for the slightest infraction of the rapist's "rules." When I got to the police, still bleeding slightly from the rectum after many hours, and in a kind of shock, I was asked to repeat my story, detail by detail, many times. Finally the detective in that cement and steel locker room said to me, "Well, lady, I'd like to believe your story, but you're pretty fat. I mean, you're pretty obese to be raped. You sure you didn't invite him in? These rape investigations and this trip to the hospital you want, they cost the taxpayers money. I have to be sure you're telling the truth, and it just seems pretty unlikely to me that anyone would rape you."

I never did succeed in convincing him I was raped. I did however manage to get him to take me to the hospital. I spent over 5 hours in the hospital waiting for a doctor to examine me. Finally, I could take it no longer, and I broke down and cried and cried, weeping as silently as I could to hide my shame.

Two doctors now arrived at the same time to examine me. The curtain opened and they both looked in. Then the curtain dropped and they stood outside arguing over who was going to have to examine my "disgusting" body, and making jokes about my genitals and the ordeal of my rape. They concluded that I had either not been raped, or had been raped by a man with "no taste at all." I didn't bother to point out to them the bruises on my neck from his hands. They probably would have said they were self-inflicted.

I had told the detective that I didn't like men, and that I was celibate by choice. He knew then what it took me years to find out: no fat woman is celibate by choice. We have no choice. The word "Lesbian" never came up. He knew Lesbians would not be any more attracted to my body than he was. We've all been totally acculturated by the same society.

The woman I share my apartment with is fat and beautiful and (of course) celibate. When she was 14 her first lover told her after 9 months together that since she was getting fat they couldn't stay together because it was important for them not to look as though they were with each other because they couldn't get men. This woman is now self-reliant (celibate) because when she sleeps with a woman she is confronted by her own nakedness, she knows that her lover is possibly hiding her revulsion, and she will not take that chance. She will not subject herself to lovers, who like herself, have been brainwashed and can only at best ignore her fatness. So she remains alone, turning down her options because they are not really options.

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# A BLOODY QUESTION

"...a woman was being killed..."

## PAT GREENE'S STATEMENT

*I spent today washing a woman's blood  
off her door and tables and TV  
and telephone and doorframe.*

*How to do that and not gag—  
to smell the stench of blood—  
to jerk upright and dart frightened eyes  
about the one-room apartment  
because violence has left an odor.*

*The hair on my neck goes up  
and my gorge rises,  
and I fight nausea and panic.  
Open the fucking door—okay, better.  
Stand outside a minute;  
and leave the door open,  
maybe you can air horror out.*

*I throw away the red-drenched  
foam pillows and wash the pillow-  
cases and sheets and blankets.  
So much blood.*

*The air in here has been ripped  
and torn by the iron skillet  
as it swung through the air  
to land on a skull.*

\* \* \*

*The women who academically discuss  
violence as a political alternative  
should spend some time in a  
room soaked with woman's blood.  
Violence is men's reaction to any  
and every thing.*

*Women must find an alternative  
to the only type of revolution  
men have ever made.  
Women have to invent new ways  
to deal in business, in love, and,  
most importantly, in revolution.*



By Peggy Kimball  
With Joan Rydbeck

She had invited as an overnight guest (her ONLY guest, as far as I know, in over two years) a young man she'd known for just three days. All apparently went well until morning, when he awoke first and began, without provocation, to beat her in her bed. He used a number of weapons, including a cast-iron frying pan, which he broke over her head. She sustained major depressed skull fractures requiring brain surgery. I can't imagine how she stayed conscious through it all; I caught one look at her when she staggered from the apartment, bloody to the waist, and I had to throw up instantly.

Claudia was my downstairs tenant. Two months before she was attacked, someone had broken into my house while I was asleep, beat the shit out of me with a homemade sap (a knotted sock filled with gravel), ripped what he mistakenly believed to be a valuable ring off my finger, and fled. I didn't know what had hit me until I came to on the floor and then found gravel all over my bed (plus torn sheets, etc.), so I had no idea who my assailant might have been and couldn't begin to give the police any leads. I was left with a bad concussion, a dislocated jaw, and a torn-up ring finger.

I now realize my good fortune in not awakening when I was attacked, because hearing Claudia scream from below, and hearing the horrible squashy sounds of her head being broken, produced in me a terror that I hadn't had to consciously experience during my own beating. I've never been so frightened in my life as during that vicarious comprehension of the truth of violence. Time became distorted, as it does when one is stoned on grass; I was stoned on fear. I thought I couldn't even dial the phone to call the police, but I did, and it seemed an hour until they came; I learned later it had taken only two minutes.



By the cops and by Claudia and her family, I'm the heroine of all time on account of my "sound judgment and quick action" in getting the police there soon enough to (1) save her life and (2) capture him (he's charged with attempted murder). But I don't feel like a heroine, because I know what went on in my head.

First was my labored and elaborate self-deception that ANYTHING was happening but what actually was. Rapidly, I went through a succession of more acceptable alternatives. I looked out the window to see if it might be a child crying in the street. No child. But my cat was there, hackles up, ears back flat, body frozen in point position toward Claudia's window.

I thought, "Lover's quarrel; I shouldn't interfere." But still she screamed. So I picked up the phone and dialed her number. I heard it ring downstairs, but no answer; the terrified and terrifying screams continued. (Later, Pat Greene would find bloody handprints on the phone.)

Finally I had to accept the truth that for some reason I so desperately wanted to deny. I phoned the police and told them a woman was being killed. Then Claudia began screaming MY NAME: "Peggy, call the police!" Over and over. I wanted to go down there and help her myself, but I knew in my gut I was too afraid. I wanted him off of her, I wanted him dead, and I wanted to be the one killing him, and yet I knew I never could.

I called the cops again. I don't know how the dispatcher knew who I was, but she answered the phone by saying "Ma'am, they're at the door right now." I looked out my window. A police car was on its way down the street, but I

was seeing the burly black motorcycle cop who had arrived first, ripped the heavy locked gate from its hinges, and then was stopped cold in his tracks — gun drawn and a look of pure terror on his face — by the gory sight of Claudia, who was, as I have said, somehow still conscious and on her feet.

Now that it's all over and I know that Claudia will live and will heal, at least physically, and I have healed physically, I'm left with an emotional wound that won't close and threatens to make me altogether crazy. How do you reconcile two conflicting, seemingly irreconcilable positions? The dilemma I'm experiencing is this:

- A. Before, my commitment to pacifism had been purely theoretical — impassioned, but still theoretical (i.e., I'd never dropped a bomb or had one dropped on me). Now that I've seen, heard — indeed, been the victim of — violence, I feel that the commitment is REAL; I know without doubt that no one is EVER going to scream that way because of me, or because of anything I had a part in.
- B. Commitment be damned, the only reason I didn't grab a butcher knife and try to rescue her was because I didn't have the courage! I'd like to call it principle, but instead I've got to come to terms with my own self-revelation as a cringing coward in the face of man's inhumanity to woman.

And, feelings of cowardice aside, one of the more vivid memories of that day is of experiencing a shatteringly inexplicable urge to kill a man, while AT THE SAME TIME realizing with full clarity and conviction how horrible and unconscionable any violence is. I don't know the answer; I only wish I'd never discovered the question. ▲

## Another Sonnet From The Portugese

by Gudrun Fonfa

*There is no one presently on earth  
with whom I care to share my most  
private moments.*

*Running really hot water on my enthusiastic clitoris  
My legs dead frog's legs wired for shock treatment  
A wooden spoon inserted in my vaginal catacomb  
Bobbing like an apple in water  
Blood beating against the insides of my cheeks  
Amazon warrior fantasies, scenes of sneering women  
cruel and calm meteing out retribution.*

*There is no one for me, when I'm wiping myself  
weak with orgasm. Disconcerted by feelings of  
tenderness for a spoon. I smile at myself in the  
steamy mirror. I whisper sweet nothings . . .  
"autonomous . . . self-reliant . . ." My reflection  
is smug . . . self-satisfied.*

*I cling to the pure monk ring of celibacy  
I enjoy a moment of preoccupation, I search  
wantonly for split ends among my pubic hair.  
I try out the term auto-erotic  
But it sounds more like fucking a buick  
than fucking myself.*





# SCARRED BODY

by Nina S.

At a party four years ago — the first all-women's party I'd ever attended other than showers and bridge parties — a friend of ours drank too much. In the late hours as we sat on the rug talking softly, excitedly, about the successful demonstration we'd just accomplished. She suddenly began to cry. She arose, stood in the middle of the room, and unbuttoned her blouse. She was a lovely woman, and one of the most respected feminists in our city.

"Foam rubber," she hissed bitterly. "B. F. Goodrich's best. My beautiful body ruined."

Visions of lost summers on bikinied beaches flashed through all our heads.

"Shouldn't our politics make losing a breast easier," I gasped to myself. "Is this, then, still true — that we measure our worth by the shape of our bodies and the bones in our faces?"

Later the one of us who had been secretly in love with this woman for months, cried for her own disillusionment and the other's pain that none of us could assuage.

I was new in the political world, the feminist world, the Lesbian world. I cried for my ruined image of my friend, cried for her marred strength, not her scarred body, cried because I knew that I would have been, would be, no stronger under such conditions than she, politics notwithstanding. It is hard to pick up the pieces of one's shattered pedestals. Friends are not what they seem, but we keep wanting them to be.

Later on, I understood the naiveté, the folly of my earlier thoughts — "Why can't she see that it shouldn't matter to us anymore if our bodies aren't perfect," revealed itself to me as the childish logic it was. I learned that I had to accept our fears about physical beauty and our continual striving for perfection without trying to underestimate the hugeness of the neurosis or thinking that love or politics could diminish it. Perhaps I could love my friend despite her "ruined body," desire her even — for isn't it desire that a perfect body inspires and not love? — but could she love herself? I could love you, but could you love yourself? And could I love myself even though you loved me?

You walk into a bedroom with your breasts draped in the gathered bodice of my green and white nightgown, full and precious, round and infinitely touchable, devourable. I bury my head in them and burrow like a small mole seeking shelter from the cold, damp night. You touch my hair and cuddle my head between those beloved arms and breasts. I feel nurtured, protected, at peace. It is in that moment that the fears fade and the imperfections no longer matter. It is in that moment that I forget to hate a world that made us hate ourselves. The task is to make that moment longer and to spread it out into more times and places.

The first time we made love, you wouldn't undress. I had to reassure you many times that I wouldn't think you ugly.

"Take off your shirt, please."

For days I'd been imagining your bare breasts. Beneath the softness of your wool sweaters, they lay like magnets. Once you wore a V-neck sweater, and I could see tiny freckles. More stimulating even than seeing you nude were your bare arms, ankles, breasts, and the anticipation that accompanied those first covert glimpses.

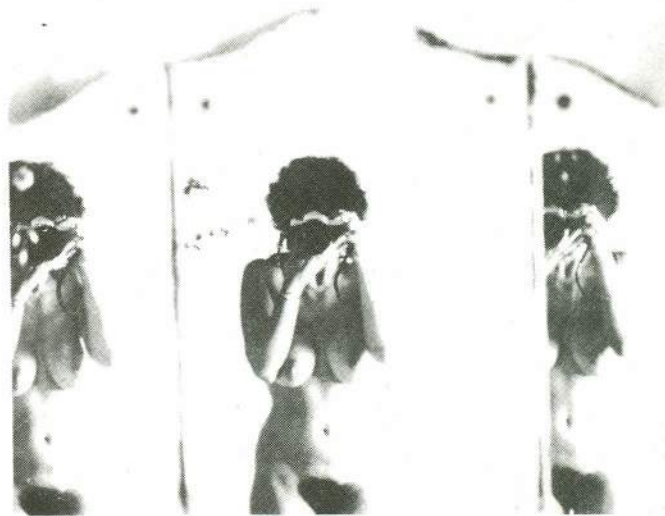


Photo by NINA S.

"My breasts are ugly," you said.

"Do you say that to everyone before you go to bed?"

"No. But sometimes, I do," you replied, turning away your face. I held out my hand.

"Come here," I helped you slip the sweater over your head. It wouldn't have mattered to me if you were crippled or had no breasts. I was already in love with you, but you never believe I think you beautiful. After many years of evidence, you think I'm myopic to think so.

"I don't like them. I'd rather have none than these," you said.

"I would love you even if you had none, but I'm delighted with these," I replied.

"Bullshit!"

Sitting beside you the first night we were together after we knew we would be lovers, sitting with you and a few friends, playing cards on a bed that did not, amazingly, collapse under the weight of my obsession for you, I wanted to SEE, to touch, and you imagined that I moved my foot away from yours under the cover. I was annoyed because you weren't touching me, and you were upset because you thought I didn't want you to.

Your tiny ankle bones, your slim bare feet, the gleam of your peach toned skin and the minute freckles burned indelible images in my brain. When you said, later, that your breasts were ugly, I felt as ill as if someone had told me I was ugly. You were already so much a part of me that whatever you felt affected me.

No, they are not beautiful like the perfectly symmetrical globes of calendar models. They are not perfect cones uplifted toward your face with small pink tips. No, they are not that kind of beautiful.

Yes, one IS larger than the other. Your frequent complaint is, objectively speaking, true. Yes, the areola IS large, the nipples ARE small.

"You have nice nipples," you said the first time you touched me.

But I am fond of that affliction and would not change it. You would. Yes. You do not see the beauty of those microscopic strawberry cones sucked to small pyramids. Your

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# The Spirit is Feminist but the flesh is?

by Karla Jay

It's been my experience that sex is the last area in which we reconcile the differences between our political ideals and our personal actions. And in no area have I seen such hypocritical dichotomies between what people preach and what they actually do.

I've seen countless sisters rant against any sort of sexual inequality in a lesbian relationship only to hear later that their favorite sexual "sport" is sado-masochism, the very heart of which lies in power and submission — the ultimate in role-playing. Then there are other women who preach celibacy but who don't practice it, and some who denounce couples and wind up paired. There's also those sisters who decry looksism while choosing only fashion-model types for their lovers. Finally, let's not forget those lesbians preaching separatism and living with MEN.

Some of this hypocrisy must seem minor and harmless, but it can never be good for us, a movement whose base comes from our EXPERIENCE, not abstract theory, not to "practice what we preach," as the old adage goes.

Yet, I must admit that it is not surprising (to me at least) that sexuality is the last area in which movement (and nonmovement) lesbians and other people reach a state of personal clarity and unity, for despite our so-called "liberation," we all probably still have some hangups about sex. For example, we are almost all affected by societal taboos (which are usually sexual in nature anyway) such as the taboo against incest. Although the lesbian community itself might not frown on incest, most people have their own built-in restraints in this area. In addition, I've found that many lesbians — even the most "liberated" ones — are hung up about talking about sex. In a consciousness raising group I was in, the group suddenly got very abstract and theoretical instead of personal, when the subject was masturbation.

In addition to our own personal hangups, liberated lesbian society has created our own sets of taboos, based on what we perceive to be right or wrong. For example, while nothing would have been said critically about a lesbian using a dildo in 1950 (had anyone the nerve to discuss such things then!), anyone admitting to using a dildo today would probably be verbally castigated for enjoying "phallic" pleasure. Verbal criticism has thus FORCED some sisters into a second closet (that is, some sisters are "out" as lesbians, but cannot be proud of what their own brand of lesbianism entails — even to us, their sisters). Similar social pressure has also forced some sado-masochists and lesbians living as prostitutes to live in this second closet. And we have yet to admit that our own "puritanism" is no way to deal with what some of us may consider to be "problems."

These may seem to be extreme cases, although I believe them to be less rare than some may think. The main problem, however, is not that we all undergo a tug of war between private urges and public sanctions (although I don't want to underplay the role this type of dichotomy may play in some people's lives and the pain it has caused in too many lives). The main problem is that there is a large IRRATIONAL (or perhaps it might be called INSTINCTUAL) element to sexual attraction, activities and response. Our fantasies are, by

definition, beyond our control. Nor can we — most of us anyway — program ourselves or raise our consciousnesses enough to dream the "correct line." For me, consciousness raising has failed to blot Jane Fonda from my dreams. Furthermore, most of us (I can't vouch for ALL people) can't control who or what turns us on. When I see someone "exciting" to me, the immediate sexual response bypasses my brain and electrocutes my sensory endings BEFORE I can think long enough to say: "Sexist pig, stop that!" As much as I berate myself, my body won't listen to my intellectual appeals.

We may ultimately be able to program our sexual fantasies, dreams, and responses just as many feminists have become lesbians out of a political choice, but my observations (and my own responses) tell me that true mental control is not yet a reality for the majority of lesbians. A real problem, however, arises when women feel guilty about their fantasies or instantaneous erotic responses, for I believe (and if I'm wrong, write in!) that attempts to repress such reactions can only lead to frustration, drive the impulses further into our subconsciousnesses or create perhaps equally undesirable alternatives.

What we can know is the dividing line between our fantasies and our actions. I don't write passionate letters to Jane Fonda. Neither do I whistle at a woman who turns me on, nor do I approach anyone on what I would consider to be a sexist level. In short, I don't act on what turns on only my body. To begin with, for me a sexual experience would not be fulfilling if I were not also mentally attracted to an individual. In other words, although I acknowledge — and sometimes enjoy — my fantasies, I must act as my consciousness dictates.

Although I obviously believe in separating my fantasies and actions, many sisters feel that they should ACT OUT their fantasies, at which point they may crash headlong into movement ideology — or their own. For it is, alas, possible to hold two conflicting or completely contradictory sets of ideas. So what's the poor lesbian to do who sincerely believes she should act out or somehow explore her sexual fantasies, only to discover her fantasies center, for example, on sadism, masochism, or some sort of fetishism? As discussed before, sadism and masochism could contradict other beliefs regarding equality in a relationship. What such a woman with contradictory beliefs may ultimately do depends largely on which set of beliefs is the stronger, but her actual accessibility to an S&M experience also plays an important part. A final factor, which may be the most important one, is the social pressure — pro or con — from the lesbian community in her area.

Any such dualism in a person's beliefs must cause suffering, and in some cases depression, or perhaps even insanity. I wish I had the solution to such dilemmas, but I have only begun to analyze the problem, and the answers may not be easy or near — for me at least. However, bringing the problem to the surface and raising the general consciousness that such a political/sexual gap exists are the first steps towards finding an answer.

Equally important is a recognition of the struggle we and our sisters are going through in this area, and also a recognition

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## REVIEW:

## "The Woman's Sound of Music /journeys and connections"

Story by Annie Doczi  
Photos by Sandy P.  
Captions by Gudrun Fonfa

an evening happened that will haunt my womanmind with images, sounds, and questions, lights and shadows, for a long time. the highlight of the night was when cris, margie, and vicki, singing "Beautiful Soul" (Margie Adam), transformed the concert hall and the 900 women who filled it, into an ecstatic lesbos of intimately responsive women.

*THE WOMAN'S SOUND OF MUSIC / JOURNEYS AND CONNECTIONS* was produced by *Womantalent, Inc.*, and directed by *Barbara McLean*. Woman-identified music by *Margie Adam, Cris Williamson, Wendy Waldman, Carole King, Laura Nyro, and Melissa Manchester*, was performed by *MARGIE ADAM, VICKI RANDLE, and CRIS WILLIAMSON*. It was a concert within a play; the script/monologue was delivered by *PAT QUINN* in the role of 'the universal woman.' *THE WOMAN'S SOUND OF MUSIC* was held August 31st, at the Embassy Hall, in Los Angeles. Tickets were \$3.50/advance, \$4.50/door.



MARGIE ADAM --- whose face has a tendency to reveal everything, invested her hopes, and faith in an evening that returned agony and charity and isolated instances of ecstasy.

## THE JOURNEY WITH SOME MISCONNECTIONS

when vicki sang "Lady" (Carole King/G. Goffin), it was like having a sweet and slightly salty oil of tenderness rubbed gently into the scars of old wounds. "Lady mine, how does it feel when he. . ." it was fine to feel i wasn't aching alone, that virtually a whole audience of lesbians was aching with me. it helps the scars to heal and not just harden. blessed be woman's music as it helps us heal into ourselves.

once i wrote a poem to my own 'Lady;' its last lines ran, "and i found / to my joy / that the fire i'd found / didn't need you / to burn." when cris sang, "come on sweet fire and lick me clean" ("Dream Child," Cris Williamson), her song touched me with the flames of my own fire.

the concert was incredibly beautiful in a number of ways. the warmth, respect, and supportiveness flowing between cris, margie, and vicki was downright womanspiring. they radiated growth, power, and creativity — as did the music they gave us. their gift to us was a gift from the heart of the goddess. they shone collectively and individually, and not at all competitively.

i've been groping around lately for some kind of cultural/political synthesis or illustration thereof and it occurs to me that last night's music was a glimpse of one — on stage and glowing with creation.

### A CHANCE TO 'SCULPT'

the performers rehearsed two solid months. barbara mclean, the woman behind womantalent productions, planned and worked for three months to make last night happen. the cost of the production was \$3500. the publicity (for once, praise the goddess and barbara mclean) was excellent, and the production was polished.

cris called this concert a chance to "sculpt;" to work not just song by song, performer by performer, but with the whole production and have that production work for them as well. it is a woman artist's real need and political right, to control her own work; to present the best product she can; to explore new forms of production; to create; instead of having to put all her energies into constantly struggling at the barricades of just getting a place (anywhere) to perform in, getting some kind of sound system that'll work sometimes, and getting some kind of last-minute publicity together so she'll have some kind of (small) audience of women who know her anyway.

this time there was a concert hall, the sound system was smooth, and the publicity done well in advance in royal p.r.-campaign style. all of which was good, about time, and unquestionably deserved. but the form of the production was very formal and i came away feeling confused . . . and feeling



even more confused because i felt confused. there was something defused about the evening as a whole.

partly, i think i felt confused because i've become accustomed to process and come to value it as a primary woman-value. Process failed to attend the concert and i missed her. i've gotten spoiled by the beauty, so rare and new, of the barricades: by the ramshackle church hall with the shaky sound system and last-minute publicity; by the all-woman audience; by having the proverbial distance between artist and audience melted into the oblivion its irrelevance deserves; by having the process be part of the product and having artist and audience become part of the same all-enveloping art. the art at the barricades isn't slick, in fact it's often technically and artistically frustrating — but in its freedom from patriarchal plushness, it is holy.

in the foyer of the concert hall was a photographic display of the artists in rehearsals. as some of us looked at them, we indulged in the kind of self-pity that can only serve to divide audience from artist. we mourned for the rehearsals we missed and the process of which we could only see pictures.

### A STICKY AURA

The 'script' was written by barbara mclean, pat quinn, margie adam, cris williamson, vicki randle: the monologue dialogued with the songs, sometimes challenging them, sometimes being challenged by them. through her dialogue with the songs, "the Woman" (pat quinn) evolved into her own liberation. unfortunately, she also evolved from an unliberated woman with a little depth, into a caricatured liberated-woman with no depth. the monologue was distinctly mediocre in terms of writing (naive and shallow), intensity of



*VICKIE RANDLE --- having matured immensely over the year, teased and delivered to a crowd that was predisposed to sexual mockery and partial to music.*



*CRIS WILLIAMSON --- appeared as a sensual, self-actualized, strong-voiced Amazon. Wow! Somewhat oblivious to the obvious drawbacks of a concert geared to making fans out of straight women.*

performance (weak), and general believability (not). by sharing a stage with sheer excellence (the concert), mediocrity (the play) shone embarrassingly in a spotlight of incongruity.

worst of all, monologue/"Woman" was the worst kind of stereotyped zombie. how many times did she have to cutely declare, in coy softness, "I am free," or that she'd grown, or some other such truism? if it hadn't been painfully embarrassing, it would have been campy. can't this sort of plastic stereotyping be left to the stages of the patriarchy which are already loaded to their dying gills with it?

purportedly, the idea behind monologue/"Woman" was to put the songs into the context of the life of Woman in a direct way. this also involves the intriguing idea of mixing forms of sound — mixing songs with plain words. basically, it's adding the idea of theatre to the form of a concert. but in order for good theatre to happen, the forms of sound engaged in dialogue would have to be equal in quality. without that equality, there can be no creative tension, and what happens without creative tension, even if it does happen on a stage, won't be good theatre.

if the words spoken last night had been poetry matching the quality of the songs in style, content, and performance, then real theatre would have happened.

as it was, the concert totally overpowered the play. the play only gave the whole production a sticky aura. the imposition of unnecessary detail is the pitfall of all art. the play, as performed on August 31st, is an unnecessary detail that is too sticky to bounce off and too easy to get stuck in. it weakens

*Continued on Page 25*



WOMEN'S EQUALITY DAY

AUGUST 25, 1974

LAFAYETTE PARK



*We emerge head first into the world  
having churned and turned about  
about the world  
about the womb.*



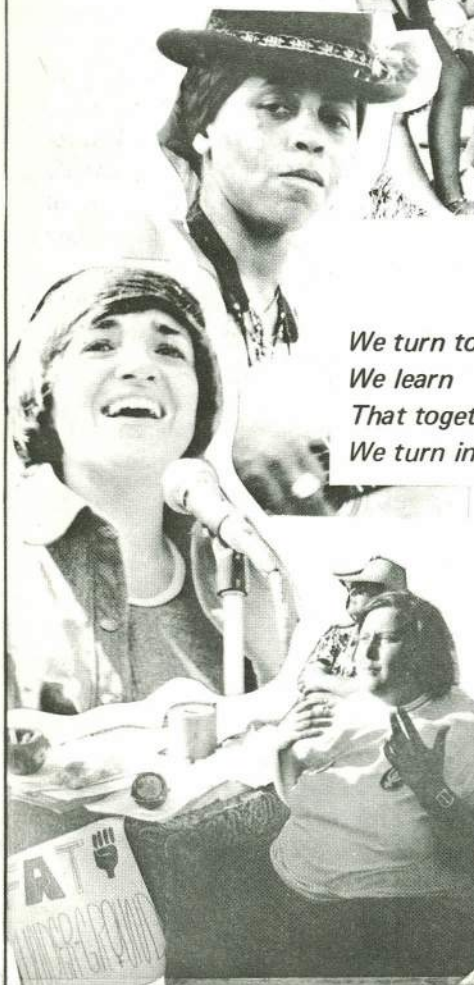
*Turn the world  
Turn around*

*We emerge head first  
into the world  
we've turned into US,  
having churned and turned  
about  
about  
Full Circle.*

From TURN ABOUT WOMAN  
by Josselyne



*We turn to each other  
We learn  
That together  
We turn into the world*







ad first into the world  
d and turned about  
ld  
mb.



# Older WOMEN'S Lib



We emerge slow  
and go  
separate ways  
turning, churning  
each day toward,  
then away  
From being burned.



Turn the world  
Turn around

We emerge head first  
into the world  
we've turned into US,  
having churned and turned  
about  
about  
about  
Full Circle.

From TURN ABOUT WOMAN  
by Josselynnne





*We emerge slow  
and go  
separate ways  
turning, churning  
each day toward,  
then away  
From being burned.*

OLDER  
WOMEN'S  
Lib



*We turn into, turn out of  
turn to hate  
turn to despair  
turn to drink  
turn to pain  
get turned to death  
turn off to the world.*



*We turn everything around  
turn it to learn  
we turn each other  
to learn to turn  
other ways  
And one day we learn  
to turn to each other.*





# CROSSCURRENTS

## MONTEREY, CALIF.

### HUMANIST PSYCHOLOGY CONFERENCE

On Nov. 29-Dec. 1 at ASILOMAR, Monterey, the Association for Humanistic Psychology will offer a conference which will be primarily geared to the INDIVIDUAL WOMAN who is in the act of beginning to explore her own identity, to formulate questions about her life, to search for new possibilities and alternatives. Come share your feelings and explore your ideas. Write: Joan Cresson, AHP, 325 9th St., San Francisco, Ca. 94103.

## SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

### N.O.W. STATE CONVENTION

The Third Annual Convention of California NOW, the National Organization for Women, will be held over the weekend of October 25-27, 1974, at the Hyatt House in San Jose, California. Given the attendance at last year's convention in San Diego (almost 700 participants), we are estimating that 1200-1500 women and men from all over the state of California will attend the 1974 convention. The National President of NOW, Karen DeCrow, is our keynote speaker.

## BOSTON, MASS.

### AMAZON EXPEDITION CONFERENCE

The first East Coast Conference organized and oriented toward lesbians will open the Columbus Day weekend (Oct. 11-14) to herstory. THE AMAZON EXPEDITION expects 1,000 women. The Lesbian Science Fiction Liberation Theatre, numerous dances and concerts (Kay Gardner, Jenne Abod) are scheduled. Workshops include: lesbian life stories, carpentry, mother-daughter relationships, lesbian professionals, medical self-help, etc. More suggestions are welcome. Please accept our invitation and embrace the new Amazonian culture with us. Write: Conference '74, c/o GCN, Box 2000, 22 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass., or call [617] 426-4467.

## LANSING, MICH.

### LESBIAN CONNECTION

A National Lesbian Forum, News and Ideas, For, By and About Lesbians. For free subscriptions, send to: Ambitious Amazons, P.O. Box 811, East Lansing, Michigan 48823.

## NEW YORK, N.Y.

### NEWSLETTER FOR POETS

The newsletter, WOMEN WRITING, began out of the first National Women's Poetry Festival, held in Amherst, Mass., last March. The purposes of WOMEN WRITING are: to gather and disseminate information on publishing, conferences, experiments in multi-media use of poetry, poetry in therapy, churches, schools, etc., and, to circulate a directory of poets split into geographical areas so that women can find each other for support, and/or criticism. Please send information, support and suggestions to: WOMEN WRITING, c/o Polly Joan, Dandelion Hill, Newfield, New York 14867.

## NEW YORK, N.Y.

### LESBIAN HERSTORY ARCHIVES

A newly-formed LESBIAN HERSTORY ARCHIVES is now in the process of collecting books, magazines, journals, news clippings, bibliographies, photos, historical information, tapes, films, diaries, poetry and prose, biographies, autobiographies, notices of events, posters, and other memorabilia and obscure references to our lives. If you have confidential material, please write to us. If you have lesbian materials that you would like to donate to us, please send them to: LESBIAN HERSTORY ARCHIVES, P.O. Box 1258, New York, New York 10001.

## NEW YORK, N.Y.

### CANDIDATES SEEK LESBIAN SUPPORT

As lesbians are becoming more visible, politicians are beginning to notice that we, too, are equipped with voting "privileges." Over one hundred lesbians attended a candidates' night held August 15, at the gay firehouse on Wooster Street to meet the women running for office in the New York State primary. Candidates who attended the event sponsored by Lesbian Feminist Liberation included: Carol Bellamy, Miriam Friedlander, Joan Davidson, Danielle Sandow, Marie Runyon, Karen Brustein, Mary Pinkett, and Councilwoman Carol Greitzer. Whether or not their sudden attention and political promises will benefit us remains to be seen.

## NEW YORK, N.Y.

### HUNTER COLLEGE CONFERENCE

The Gay Academic Union's second annual conference, entitled "Toward Community" will be held in New York City on November 29-30, 1974. The women's caucus will host a series of events (women only), including a panel on Lesbian Identity. Registration: \$15 professionals/others employed, \$7 students/unemployed. For information contact: Conference Committee, GAU, Box 1479, Hunter College-CUNY, New York, N.Y. 10021.

## CINCINNATI, OHIO

### GAY CONCERNS URGED FOR SOCIAL WORKERS

A national education effort to increase the acceptance of gay people was recommended to a conference of some 5000 social workers here in May by three gay members of the profession.

David Sindt and George Alexander of Chicago and Barbara Bryant of Sacramento, Calif., teamed on the last day of the five-day National Conference on Social Welfare to provide colleagues with an evaluation of gay life and an appeal for active concern toward the gay minority.

Sindt focused on acceptance of Gays as foster parents and the avenues for assisting gay youths through social counselling. Alexander detailed the trials of discovering one's own gayness as a teenager and learning self-acceptance.



He advocated open and honest discussion of homosexuality as a widespread and acceptable, healthy life-style by educators in the classroom, as well as use of Gays themselves as resource persons and guest speakers in the high schools.

Bryant defended the rights of lesbian mothers to raise their own children and detailed a series of cases revealing the pattern of discrimination which she said is typical of the divorce courts in denying custody to lesbian mothers.

The three presentations were arranged and coordinated by the National Task Force of Gay Social Workers which had conducted its own caucus of members earlier in the week.

REPRINTED FROM: *THE ADVOCATE*, July 1974

## WASHINGTON, D.C.

### LESBIAN MOTHERS DEFENSE

Lesbian Mothers' National Defense was born out of frustration and needs energy, faith and money to grow. Because it is national in scope, it needs the avid support of all of us, from every part of the country. Send us:

Names and addresses of attorneys from your area who are competent in lesbian mother child custody cases or who are interested in these types of cases.

Copies of lawyers' briefs, transcripts, etc., which could be used to help women with their cases.

Films and tapes which could be used in court.

Will you pass information about us on to sisters in remote areas in your state and in neighboring states.

Will you raise money for the fund?

Will you start a branch of the fund in your state? (We're operating out of our home.)

Two women in Ohio are currently fighting a child custody case. They are in desperate need of financial aid and/or donations of food and clothing for their children, ages 5, 7 and 9. Please make contributions to them payable to Lesbian Mothers' National Defense Fund: c/o Karen Burr, Lesbian Mothers' National Defense Fund, 1941 Division, Enumclaw, Washington 98002.

## TACOMA, WASH.

### LESBIAN GETS CHILDREN, KEEPS LOVER

Judge William LaVeque here has granted lesbian mother Nancy Driber permanent custody of her three children in what may be a landmark decision for gay rights.

LaVeque's order not only allows Driber to keep her children, but does not restrict her from living with her lover — a condition that has tainted other gay child-custody decisions. Driber was also awarded \$300 monthly child-support payments.

Driber said she recognized her lesbianism only recently — after she was already thinking about divorce. At that time she fell in love with a neighbor, Marilyn Koop, a friend of about two years. The two left their husbands and began living together in their hometown of Eatonville. Their relationship, according to Driber, was well known and accepted in the town.

Driber's lover, Marilyn, is scheduled to go to court over her child custody case soon, and Seattle lesbian mothers Sandy Schuster and Madeleine Isaacson will also be going back to court in mid-July. A King County Superior Court judge ruled several years ago that they could have custody of their children if they maintained separate residences.


Since then they have been involved in an extensive legal and educational battle for the rights of other gay parents. Their ex-husbands now claim that they are "flaunting" their homosexuality and thus corrupting the morals of their children.

Driber's husband attempted to get custody of the children and child support payments in the divorce case. The husband's sole argument centered around the mother's lesbianism, and several character witnesses were called to attest to her homosexuality.

Driber had professional testimony at her trial, including that of University of Washington sociologist W. Dwight Oberholtzer. Sandy Schuster, co-founder of the Gay Mothers Legal and Defense Fund, also testified. Schuster's movie, *Sandy and Madeleine's Family*, was admitted into evidence during the hearing.

Judge LaVeque said he based his decision on his judgment that Driber's sexual orientation was irrelevant to her parental fitness. He sent a social worker to investigate the children's environs, but she was unable to report any detrimental factors, not even peer harassment of the children.

# WHOLE WOMAN



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# THE LESBIAN TIDE PRESENTS

## THE COVER DYKES



Our cover dykes this month are the winners of our "Get your picture on the cover of THE LESBIAN TIDE" song contest. Claudia Scott's poem was chosen for its fine literariness and politics, the latter especially in regard to the liberalism vs. integrity issue she speaks of and the cogent words she offers THE LESBIAN TIDE and lesbian nation in general on this difficult problem, a problem we struggle with daily. Carole Mathews' poem was chosen as its uplifting rhythm and politics, we feel, reflects the courage and joy of our struggle.



\* \* \* \* \*



## GOT MY PICTURE ON THE COVER

"The Cover of *The Lesbian Tide*"  
by Carole Mathews

We're part of Sappho's band  
We're scattered through the land  
You will find us all around.  
We've been livin' and lovin'  
In our age-old coven,  
Though for survival we've been underground  
But things are changin' these days —  
We're tryin' all kinds of ways  
To express our newfound pride;  
We want to feel our communion,  
Want too see our union  
On the cover of *The Lesbian Tide*.

Chorus:

(LESBIAN) TIDE — want a sea of faces  
on the cover,  
TIDE — want to be there standing with  
my mother,  
TIDE — proud that all the world will  
see us,  
On the cover of *THE LESBIAN TIDE*.

So many women are scared  
To freely show what they've shared  
With another of their sex —  
It's a pretty tough choice  
To stand and raise your voice,  
But we're finally sticking out our necks!  
And we're learning that lonely fear and suffering and pain,  
That we've built up over the years  
Can give us strength and power  
From the very first hour  
We *share* our feelings, with angry tears.

(Chorus)

We're now communicating  
Our love and our hating,  
In every way we know,  
We have conferences, meetings,  
Publications and readings  
And beautiful Lesbian shows.  
We disagree on much,  
But still we keep in touch  
With our sisters wherever they abide;  
Wherever women love women  
There are sisters swimmin'  
On the waves of *The Lesbian Tide*!



On the Cover of the Lesbian Tide  
by Claudia Scott

In the early seventies  
We got tired of being closety  
We stood up, claimed our rights and marched outside  
We were fearless, we were daring  
Everyone was proudly wearing  
Two women's symbols side by side  
A collective in L.A.  
Right on, radical and gay  
Wrote a fine rag called The Lesbian Tide  
But those were the early days  
Now they think they'll reach more gays  
By going incognito nationwide.

Chorus

So if I get my picture on the cover  
It will sell more copies than it would have on the other  
See my newly refinished closet door  
On the cover of The ——— Tide.

The mag already hit town  
In the proverbial plain brown  
Envelope — Now that it's necessary  
That the cover be innocuous  
How long before you're anonymous  
And write with phony names from D.O.B.?  
Or will you go the other direction  
And increase the capitulation  
By allowing lesbians to be redefined?  
It's not at all what you do in bed  
It's where you've marched and what you've read —  
That's how Ms. magazine rescued Gertrude Stein.

Repeat Chorus



The situation isn't funny  
Advertising brings in money  
To keep printing our pride in being gay  
But the implication in this is  
That we should patronize businesses  
Which only support us halfway.

And will your articles be of interest  
To a woman who isn't a feminist  
But who's been a closet lesbian for years?  
You published her letter in April  
And she said it was the personal  
Not the political that makes us queers.

So if I get my picture on the cover  
I'll have to send a copy to every old and future lover  
Because there's nothing to say we're gay and proud  
On the cover of The ——— Tide.

CHICAGO COVER DYKE; CLAUDIA SCOTT

Everyone has parents, was born somewhere, raised by someone and managed somehow to survive. And it's all really important only in terms of what one makes of it *afterwards*. I got a lot of strength and self-confidence from my family, and these days I ignore their expectations along with most everyone else's.


I live in the Chicago Lesbian Community, but I wouldn't say I'm a very active member. I think I'm still in good standing, but one never knows. I work on *Lavender Woman* and manage an article or two each issue. But I'm not a journalist, a politico or an activist of any kind. It just seems important that we have words to read that are about our whole lives. And besides, I secretly love layout.

I'm basically a poet in love with words. I spend my time crafting them into images, into portraits of the moments of interaction between people, the fractional revelations of who they are. Mostly the people are women because generally I like women better than men. Which must be the reason I'm a lesbian. Funniest thing. Hopefully there's no message involved. It would have to detract from the beauty of the poem, of the portrait. And women are so very beautiful that I have to work hard enough as it is to get it said just right. My first book is called *Portrait*. It was just published this summer and it's all very exciting. Basically, I take my vitamins every day, try to avoid telling anyone else what to do, and hope to live a long and happy life.


In sisterhood,  
Claudia Scott

▲

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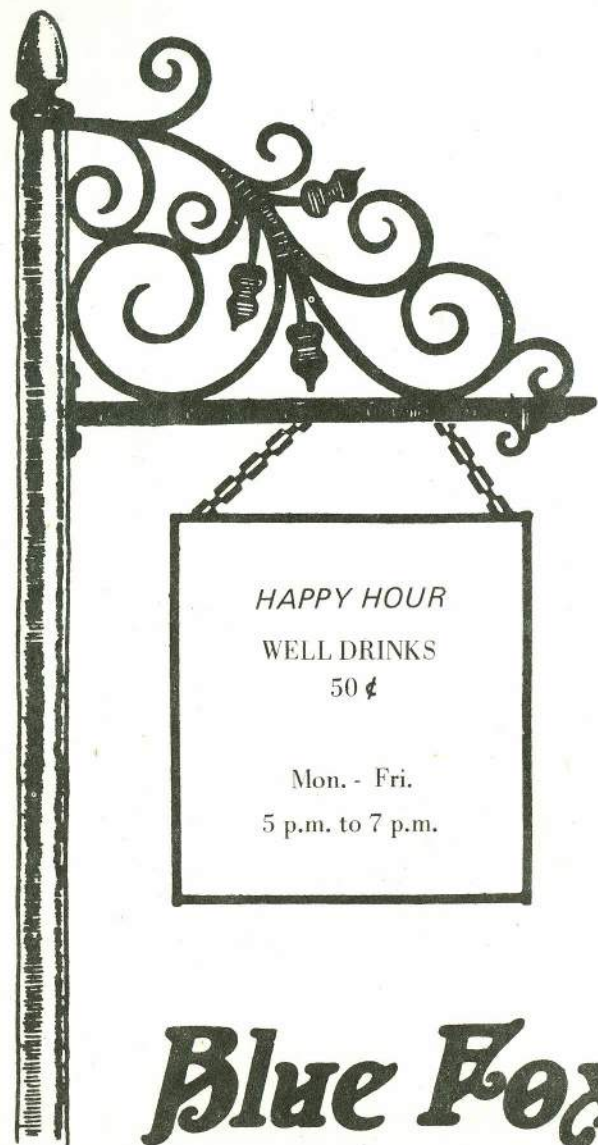


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# SECRETS

by Annie Doczi

*slow as words weeping  
slower than sounds cease  
slowly the birth began*

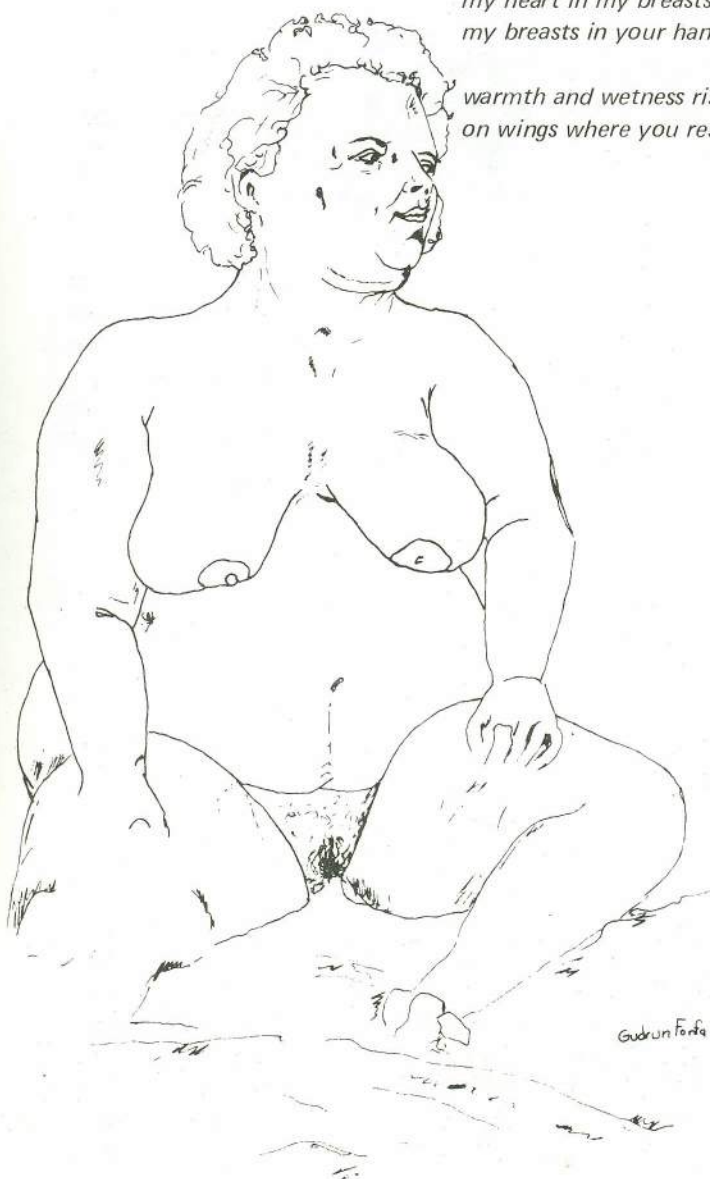
*i would cradle you  
now in sacred coves*

*singing the body  
touching the music*

*seeing the green trees  
knowing the clearing  
hearing the moonsong*

*my heart in my breasts  
my breasts in your hands*

*warmth and wetness rise  
on wings where you rest*



*JOURNEY, Cont. from Page 17*

the whole as the imposition of a false whole *will* weaken the real whole over which it is imposed. like most women, i've had the painful personal experience with the imposition of false wholes over my own real whole. now i've learned more about that kind of imposition and, as usual, it hurts.

hopefully, before the 'show' goes 'on the road,' as it plans to, the play will get tightened up and become effective. the idea of having a male-identified woman converted to woman-identification against a background of and by the power of woman-identified music, is real exciting. the additions of genuine poetry, a genuine actress, and even some pantomime to spice up the visual effect, would help bring the idea to life. yet even at its most effective, i suspect that adding a play to the music performed last night would still be unnecessary, but then i'm a simplicity freak and this may just be my own trip.

i can dig that it's valid to explore expanding the standard form of concerts and that getting together this kind of production was a truly noble effort. what i can't dig is the disservice that was done to the art that was real and so alive on that stage last night. to have a poor play within an excellent concert is confusing and confusion is boring.

the best attitude is probably my friend's who said the music moved her so much that when the monologue was happening she'd just close up and pant and rest up for the next part of the concert (song). at best, it didn't matter. at worst, it was like hearing chalk screech down a blackboard every time the angels stopped singing.

## SOME QUESTIONS

the evening left me with a strong feeling that it is important for the woman-identified community to give our artists the freedom to explore new forms; that it is urgent for us to be receptive to and supportive of creations that are real in a way that male-identified pseudo-creations can't be. the new creations of our artists evoke and nourish our oldest cell memories, our newest visions, and the truthways of our growth as we return to ourselves. as we give our blossoming culture the support she deserves, it seems to me that there are also some questions it behooves us to ask and think about. On August 31st, i gave support, now i'm asking questions.

What was the goal of the production?

the goal was double-edged. on the one hand, the production tried to reach (and convert) a male-identified, non-movement audience. on the other hand, it tried to present woman-identified music to a male-identified audience in hopes of a positive (SSS) response.

Did the production succeed in reaching its goals?

the answer is uncomfortably obvious to me and anyone else who scanned the audience that showed up and paid up last night. the place was positively swarming with lesbians. so the answer to the question of whether a woman-identified production can reach a male-identified audience remains a mystery.

Who cares anyway?

my first response is, i don't. but on second thought, both reality and my own politics rear their complicated heads and i



realize i do care about reaching male-identified audiences, repulsive though they may be. in the first place, most of the women in this patriarchal world are male-identified and just precisely because i'm woman-identified, i care about reaching (and converting) them. secondly, that's where the money is. as our culture struggles to build her foundation on an alternative women's economy, she's got to get her (gold)bricks from the patriarchal brickyard, because it's the only brickyard around. last night was the first attempted raid — it failed. in line with my first response, that's fine with me. but in line with my second response, i respect it.

The raid failed and so what?

so, it's okay to fail . . . especially when you simultaneously succeed in giving a woman-identified audience a fine evening of the music for which we starve. with a silver-lining like that, who cares about the cloud? blessed be all such failures. it may also mean that male-identified audiences aren't going to be interested in woman-identified music as long as they're still male-identified; and we'll have to make converts and money in other ways; and keep our culture away from the patriarchy because they don't want it anyway and we need it too much to spend our money (\$3500) trying to get them to buy it. after only one try, it's hard (if not impossible) to tell for sure. i think it would be worth trying a few more times to find out.

How will future attempts be different from last night's?

first, i hope the relationship between the artists and the audience will be different. On August 31st, artist was divided from audience in the old, familiar, male way. certainly, there are real divisions between audience and artist, but there are also unreal divisions that involve the separation of process from product and alienate the audience from the process, and ultimately from the product as well, by mystifying the product.

the only concert i've been to that matched last night's concert in terms of overall quality was the dylan concert early this year. actually, THE WOMAN'S SOUND OF MUSIC was better because margie's piano is more than a match for dylan's guitar, and because the music and the artists were woman-identified. this, incidentally, brings up a tangential and possibly irrelevant question: why wasn't at least one of margie's instrumentals snuck into the program? for the record (wherever it is), i think they're the most original and gynadrously sensual music i've yet heard.

to return to comparing the dylan concert with the WOMAN'S SOUND concert — the two concerts were at least equal in their mystification of the artist's product and their unreal separation of artist from audience. contributing to this effect at last night's concert were: the pictures in the foyer (which were great in one way and awkward in another — the liberated woman's musical idols? idols? dolls?); the imposition of that phony play (as though we, the audience, any audience, were too dumb to get our fill of messages from just the music); the fact that the only lines spoken to the audience were rehearsed ones and poor ones; and finally, there couldn't be even one encore because (remember?) it was a play (even though it was really a concert). if we're just going to play the same old culture games, why bother to create a new culture?

secondly, i hope the script will be different. there are several poets in our community who would gladly, i think, turn the script into poetry as magical and moving as the songs. my fantasy is that our community and our culture are so strongly bonded together that the required word-witch has already flown to the rescue.

the audience that flamed into a two-wave applause for "Beautiful Soul," belted out the chorus of "Best Friend" (Margie Adam), and caught its breath at "Something Just Begun" (Margie Adam), made it clear that the music was enough and was what counted. the songs can stand alone because they stand together as part of a dialogue between women and Woman. they stand together because they are Art — the art of women who stand together. ▲



### *EVOLUTION, Cont. from Page 10*

conquer fear, as the practitioner lights the candles, she says, "This candle represents ... (name) ... whose spirit burns as steadfastly and surely as this flame." Something similar is given for each candle, according to its color. Then the text reads:

"I was afraid and alone; or so I felt. Fear I knew.

I was without heart, for weak I was,

Down in the darkness without knowledge. Fear I knew.

The snap of teeth, the thunder of the heard,

The trample and the swirl,

The sounds, the sight in thought....Fear I knew..."

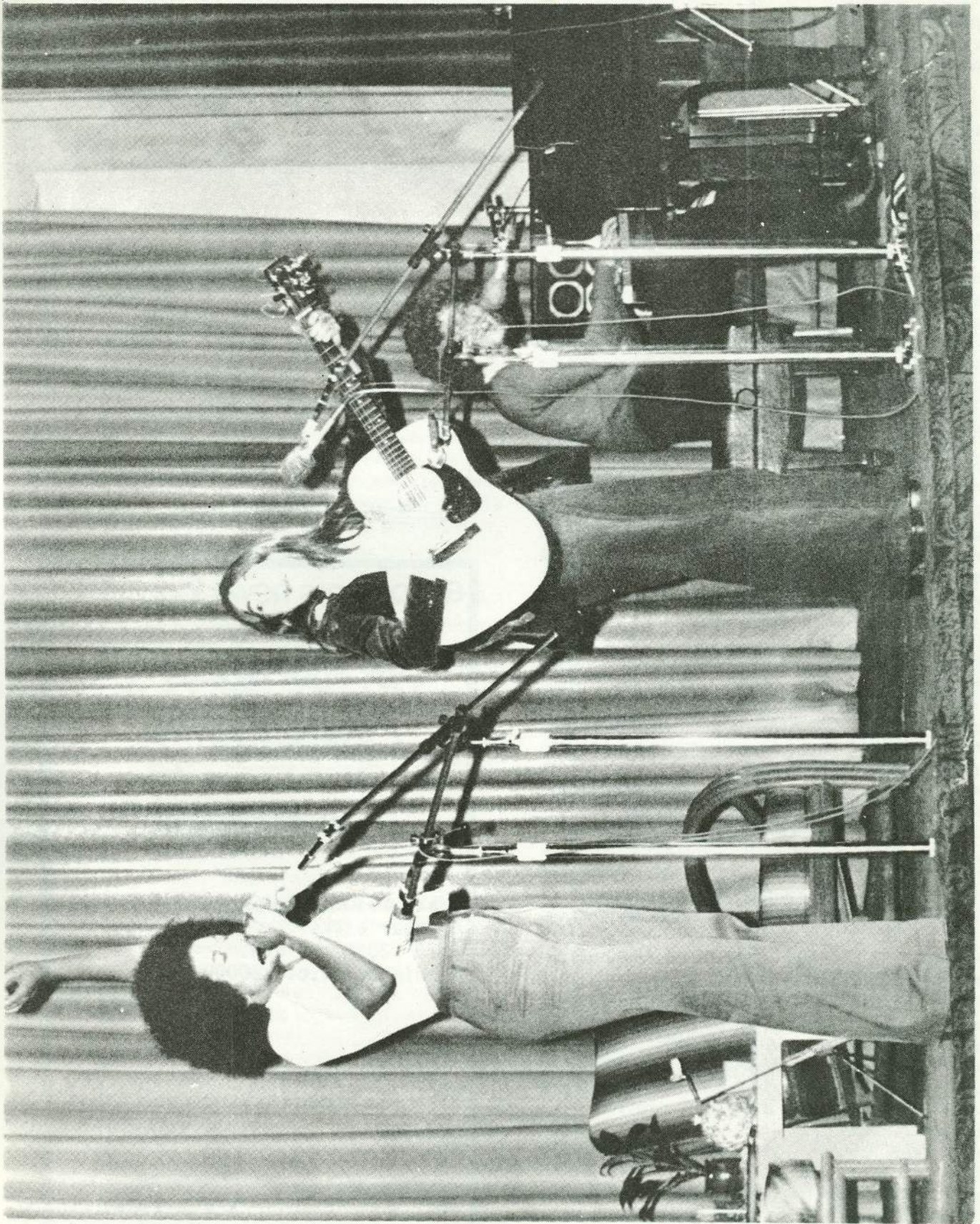
This verse ends with, "I fear no more."

It is essential that the person realize she is the creatress of her world; that because of her negative feelings, beliefs, and thoughts she is in a state of powerlessness and that, by concentrating and acting on her positive notions, she can revive herself. Appealing to the Goddess is for reinforcement of her efforts and comfortable company while healing the self.

These rather fragmented parts of the whole area of spirituality are put forth here in hopes that they will help to demystify the notions of magic, witchcraft, ritual religion, and spirituality. Rituals are primary patterns into which we direct our consciousness in order to obtain desired results and they are used in magic, witchcraft, and religion. They are a means of self-discipline and a way of channelling our psychic energies into a higher source, a source with which we can identify.

At times such as these, when many men are invested in harming and oppressing us with physical and judicial force, we have an effective solution in witchcraft. We can practice magic in the privacy of our places and feel/create vibrations that will attract those forces which we wish to attract and that will repel those forces which we reject. Thinking it and manifesting it symbolically with candles, images, and incense will make it so. I encourage you all to direct your energies into these processes so that you, as individual women, will feel your Goddess-given powers and witness their results. These rituals will become your psychologist, guru, lover, and food. Trust in your self and give her a try. Blessed be. ▲





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# Reviews

## LOVING HER

by Ann Allen Shockley

Bobbs-Merill Co.

\$6.95 187 pgs.

by Jeanne Cordova

Every bad lesbian novel begins at night in bed. For further evidence one has only to read the first paragraph and count the number of times adjectives/nouns such as "grey, secret, lurid, dark, shadows or rain," are used. Opening with, "the April rain forced itself like an angry intruder . . . she lay . . . not wanting to open her eyes to the greyness stalking the room," *LOVING HER* qualifies on both accounts.

The plot is a grabber. Young naive black girl (Renay) meets and marries drunk black stud who raped her and gave her a daughter. Beaten and neglected by young stud for several years, Renay of course is receptive when enter stable, gently loving lesbian. Girl meets girl and both go off to happy cottage in the woods to live with beautiful little daughter. Dyke-lover leaves Renay to go off on necessary business trip when — re-enter stud-hubby who beats up wife and demands daughter. Renay, now lesbian, recovers, takes daughter to live with southern mama, ignores stud and begins singing career in happy home with dyke-lover. Late word arrives, angry husband has gone to mama's and managed to kill beautiful little daughter in a drunk driving accident. Meanwhile, back at the cottage, girl-mother-dyke Renay goes to pieces over "god is punishing us" death of child and leaves dyke lover. Dyke lover pines her way into Christmas Eve, when behold . . . Renay returns and both exit to Europe happily ever after.

In *LOVING HER*, author Shockley has set out on several difficult tasks. Initially, it is difficult to spin a story about women in love without falling into heterosexist models which when applied to lesbians somehow fall into flat, if not pornographic shadows. To date, *PATIENCE AND SARAH* and *RUBYFRUIT JUNGLE* remain the only lesbian fiction works which present stories whose heraines emerge as people rather than noble or perverted savages. Here, *LOVING HER* also follows the rule rather than the exception.

Through her lesbian lovers, Shockley also attempts to present a picture of an inter-racial marriage. Following her characters through southern black clubs and into bigoted white housing skirmishes, the author conveys some amount of credibility here. Even so, I wonder if my black sisters would agree?

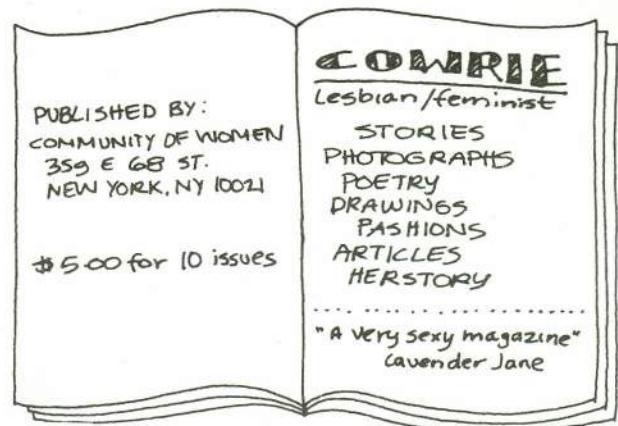
Sadly, nobility of purpose and theme are butchered by the banal sometimes racist, high school literary style of *LOVING HER*. Passages such as, ". . . in her junior year she met Jerome Lee Davis, star football player. He was big and brown and handsome . . . all the girls were wild about him," might in this writer's opinion, even insult the minds of most teenagers. Potentially explosive scenes, such as a white liberal's sexual advances toward Renay, are also abysmally hackneyed.

"First time I've ever danced with a colored girl," honkey says to our newly lesbianized heraine," but as the old saying goes, there's a first time for everything!" The reader is then supposed to believe that Renay, "eyes blazing with anger", replied, "I'll tell the NAACP how liberal you are if you don't let go of me!"

Attempts to present the complicated politics of white

liberalism, anti-lesbian prejudice, black hatred of whites, and black matriarchial sociology take the form of overt propagandizing. "It's a wonder all black women aren't (lesbians) . . .", Renay says spontaneously, "I think it is this sympathy, understanding and tolerance and above all, hope that someday their males will rightfully become men in our society that helps them cling . . ."

It has long been the task of fiction writers to get their politics across through the emotions, description, and dialogue of their characters. The bromidic narration of *LOVING HER* makes this potentially beautiful story difficult to believe or enjoy.



a women's news journal



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**UNDERWATER**  
by Joan Winthrop  
G.E. Putnam's Sons  
\$6.95 256 pgs.

by Jeanne Cordova

*UNDERWATER* is an eloquent and unsettling exploration into a woman's emotional and sexual psyche. This is a story about the birth and evolution of the submerged alter-ego of Kate Stevens.

Celibately, but lovingly, married to the up-and-coming liberal dean of a racially torn campus, Kate Steven's mastectomy (cancer) leads to the birth of alter-ego Valery St. John, who struts down Park Avenue and into a relative's funeral in blue jeans and boots. At this funeral, Kate/Valery meets her cousin's roommate Margo, who sits there in "black swirling trousers and big black boots . . . reading *Pride and Prejudice*."

While cousin Elizabeth and Harry-hubby career their way trying to be nice to the blacks without losing his prospective deanship, Kate spends her afternoons imploring Margo to seduce her. She succeeds with little effort. Professional painter, Margo, sees in Kate "an idea" and commences to canvass Valery St. John. More taken with the concrete implications of her new relationship, Kate proceeds to get into Margo (literally), and herself, with a sexual and spiritual aliveness she never shared with Harry. As Kate sympathetically watches her dean husband sell out, she takes her own power by telling Margo, "female homosexuality is a declaration of independence!" Breath baited while emotions rose and fell, I waited for the happy, or at least expected, ending. Would our her choose harassed Harry or marvelous Margo?

No such fairy tale. Looking up at the mammoth canvas of her half-breasted self hanging in a New York art showing for all the world to see, *UNDERWATER* ends as it begun. Wonderwoman chooses herself.

The reader is left to wonder; will Harry find happiness in an ivory-laced dean closet? Will Margo love Kate now that she won the "best artist" award? Did she ever love Kate? Did Harry? Surely, I thought, I missed a Chapter! Were the author less eloquent, or less piercing in her motivations and characterizations, one might simply conclude, *UNDERWATER* is not a good book, too many loose strings. A second reading forced me to conclude that with a true acceptance of the unconsummated constant of real life, Joan Winthrop purposely made me close her book with more questions than I had before I opened it! Life in *UNDERWATER* remains as it IS for most of us: always at least partially blurred as old endings drag up new consciousness.

This universality makes *UNDERWATER* more than a "lesbian" book and more than a "woman's" book. Joan Winthrop handles dialogue, sex, and characterization of straight male Harry, independent Kate, and lesbian Margo, with an incredibly sensitive equality which can only be the tool of someone who has herself transcended these labels.

I would warn the reader that *UNDERWATER*, especially in its first eighty pages, is stylistically heavy and sentences such

as: "The neat, green shoes of her sandals led her, the flowered hem of her short, silk dress cresting at the edge of her vision, down the dark staircase, out onto the street," make reading difficult. Yet, arriving at wisdom like: "Having to have an orgasm is no different from having to win . . . it involves the same fear of failure . . . it's the best sexual control society could introduce," makes the chore most worthwhile.

Perplexing as it is profound, I have one criticism of this book that defies explanation even at second reading. Despite the fact that middle class Harry is appropriately shocked to learn of his wife's lesbianism, he (two pages later) shows an uncommon knowledge of lesbian feminist politics. As Kate tells him of her dream in which Valery, a captive Indian princess, escapes slaying a dozen stalwart braves on the way, Harry remarks, "Wouldn't the lesbian feminists have loved Valery!" The reader is also left to wonder *how* suburbanite Kate came to her accurate, but rhetorical, conclusion that female homosexuality represents an independent lifestyle for women. Again, early in the book, Kate mournfully reads a letter from "the Feminists" who say they are turning down her application to join them because of her "institutional alliance with a man." For starters, few, if any feminist organizations have formal interviews or applications, and none to my front line knowledge, turn down ANY woman. Some of my best friends were once married! Inconsistencies like this are curiously unexplainable, especially juxtaposed to the equally unfounded accelerated consciousness of Harry and Kate.

If we can't have everything perfect, *UNDERWATER* remains a remarkable first in showing that lesbianism is a logical and no longer prohibitive alternative for the every day housewife. Without a doubt *UNDERWATER* is a credit to excellence in fiction about women and should be read by all who are interested in a no shit version about what most of us think at least once in our lives.

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# POEM

**Guðrun Fonfa**  
credentials . . . highschool dropout,  
lesbian, welfare mother.

For Linda, who said,  
"I will always stand between you and destitution"

*Poverty has me half crazed.*

*I wish for the sake of poetry, I could feel  
noble and generous. Share my despair with  
kindred paupers, all hard at labors in a  
bond of servitude.*

*But I rage and scheme and detest  
innocent bystanders. I dream of plundering  
ancient cities, of robbing tombs,  
of welfare frauds, of poems that pay rent.*

*How well I know the enemy. I spite the  
media with my celibacy. You can't sell me  
aerosol anything including sex!  
I am labeled . . . political. Every fibre in me  
is a walking protest. I recycle everything  
even my emotions.*

*Poverty has me boiling in cannibal's soup.  
My parents were marxist-atheists over  
dinner. With a heavy protestant work ethic  
for dessert. During a \$4 long distance call  
my mother said "Why must I always be the peasant?  
I'm taking dictation on the bowery. You  
think you're too good to work."*

*I plead child care and serious talent.  
My eyelids framing visions of my fingernails  
into claws, ripping the skin off my face.  
Knifing vertical slits in blank canvases.  
I am mutilated by the shadow of a doubt.  
Retaliation is new to me, I fight back  
with obscenities. "I won't be a secretary!"*

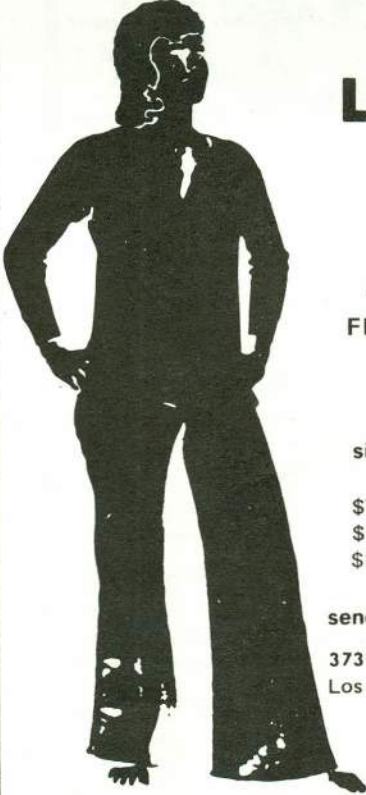
*Poverty has me glued to a swastika collage.  
I spend weeks at employment agencies, in a  
borrowed bra. Fluorescent lit hallways. I'm  
an Assyrian captive skinned alive, walking  
up processional stone steps, my entrails trailing.  
I learn my only marketable skill is switchboard.*

*Laughter fits inequity not injustice.  
My friends with a trust fund, ask me  
if I want to move in and be their  
housekeeper. I say "Sure, as long as I  
don't have to clean." They bought me 25lbs  
of terra cotta. Which I tuck into bed like a baby.  
I'll sculpt a reclining nude, a lady of leisure,  
laughter coursing through her veins.*

*Poverty is corrupting my principles. I consider  
writing my ex-husband, reconsidering my stand on  
alimony. Actually contemplate selling my child's  
smile to a No More Tangles hair conditioning commercial.  
I despise my enemy. I mistake my enemy for myself.  
I wonder how dignity has become an abstract term.  
I try to remember the equation. If it dignity equals  
a quart of milk?*

*I'm frightened. I'm so frightened.  
I see years of dirt paths, thorn bushes,  
thumb tacks in my shoes.  
I hand out whips and burning pokers.  
I chastize myself with propriety.  
A foster home for my kid, drowning  
for me. Or home to mother, or remarriage.  
Every solution is swimming in sewers.  
I keep secret how really frightened I am.*

*Poverty has me half crazed in quicksand.  
My chin is submerged. I meditate a minute  
on humility. Then I rant and abuse every  
inch of this planet. The swampsand seeping  
into my open mouth, filling my ears, my nostrils,  
clogging my tearducts. For some inexplicable  
reason, above my head, my arms like iron,  
I hold my daughter.*



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# MY GENERATION IS NOT FORGOTTEN

by Marge

Sunday was a great day! Two young sisters I had never met stopped in for coffee and a break as they passed through New Mexico. They were headed east in a VW that appeared very sad at the prospect of being driven 3000 miles. We chatted as we shared a smoke. Later I realized that most of the yakking was from me, the happy wanderer, the homespun gay philosopher who never could remain silent if even one pair of ears would listen. "Send us your views on sexuality and sensuality," they said as they parted with a warm hug and open smiles. Imagine young women asking me, a gal pushing fifty, for my views? "Terrific!" I said to myself — my generation is NOT forgotten by those wonderful young gays in L.A. All us women who were loving women before they were born, are very much a part of their concern.

Personally, I feel that sensuality is the basic ingredient of lesbians. It makes them what they are, and motivates them to become lesbians in the first place. By some unconscious instinct, gay women realize that only in loving a woman can they completely realize themselves as total persons. Sensuality is not only known between the sheets, in the back of a car, or on a lonely beach. One with such a perception is only a partially developed woman.

True — the moistness of a woman's lips touching, teasing, seeking, drinking — the softness of a breast growing firm — the tightening of the abdomen and buttocks in excitement — the softness of a woman's hair drifting against one's cheek — the salty, muffled, acrid taste of woman or woman's blood — is the epitome of heights sustained in mutual blending. But even this is nil for completeness if taken by itself. There is sensuality in everything about us. In the smells of food cooking, the grass when wet, the printer's ink on a new publication, the briny salt air blowing in from the sea, the warm sand in the summer sun, the soft crystals of new fallen snow. There is sensuality in music, in voices, in conversations, in innuendos, in a deep glance across a crowded room, or in the rushing air as a motor bike roars along an isolated road.

These are only a few of the sensitivities that women share knowledge of with each other, knowing without question they are understood. One can bring to the other that which she feels is needed. There is the awareness that another woman is not only receptive, but desiring of what she has to give in her lesbian nakedness of soul. This is something which only a woman can totally enfold.

Sexuality in gay women is a strong part of their innate beginning. It is the intense outward manifestation of all their inner dreams that have yet to find words of expression. The immature lesbians take, or give pleasure of physical stimulation thinking only of the moment, be they 17 or 70. The growing lesbian seeks and hopes to find in her varied relationships the one person whose sensitivity grooves in on the same wave length twenty-four hours a day, in bed or out.

The stereotyping of role playing is a bygone thing that originated from necessity but is now obsolete. Conditioning and habits are hard to break. For some, the habits of years can be forgiven. The young gay women are far more able to grasp the true essence of lesbianism. A woman who needs the continuous small attentions that her straight sisters consider good manners in their masculine heterosexual companions (chair holding, cigarette lighting, etc.), is not seeking to blend with another woman. She puts herself down, actually, as an ineffectual human being who needs constant reaffirmation of her femaleness. The handsome dyke who sees the crude, foul language, belligerence, and toughness as something that makes her superior, is only shouting out her own lack of faith in her femaleness being adequate to handle anything. She parallels the very thing she shouts she hates. They are wonderful, they are beautiful, but they are nevertheless immature.

The little sister who wears jeans, t-shirts, and short hair because this is comfortable for her, and the little sister who prefers long dresses, deep necked blouses, and sandals because this is comfortable for her, yet each does not feel that they must adopt a different dress style because they are lovers, is truly epitomizing lesbianism as it really is: loving for loving's sake alone! They refuse to be a satire of a life style which is not theirs.

I've lived through it all and feel much more honest because I can love whomever my heart dictates. Sure, I like jeans myself. But I refuse to ignore the possibility that another woman who is also comfortable in jeans may be just the one person who can truly and totally relate to me. Who am I to have the clairvoyance to see what surface covering my special woman has chosen as her own?

Sensuality is a gift to lesbians, and sexuality is a tool to be used for exploration of all its multifaceted possibilities.





# RANDOM RUN-ON FROM THE ROUND TABLE

**Jeanne:** It's good to see the destructive tendencies of in-breeding and factionalization dissipating. 'In-breeding' runs something like, "We, 2000, are the revolution, we're saved, in fact the rest of you missed it" Some actually say the revolution has come and gone. The tendency to over-factionalize goes hand in hand with in-breeding. I think, proportionally, the more in-breeding you have, the more factionalizing you have. It's in every movement. But now there seems to be more of a realization that the enemy outside is bigger, and I see this as positive because we are now directing our hostility outside our movement. I think that's probably the reason the factionalism in this city (L.A.) has died down, at least to the extent of being able to work together.

**Rita:** I've been able to travel a lot in the last year or so, and observe cities in different states of development. The most advanced cities are Washington D.C., New York, and San Francisco. San Francisco is way behind on class and economic issues, but way ahead on cultural feminism. There are different levels of sophistication, because the movement has existed for so long. There are cities where the movement is new, such as St. Louis and Richmond. Los Angeles is kind of in the middle because it's very difficult to organize due to its spread-out geography and it's very easy to be isolated from one another. In cities where the movement is just beginning, or has been around for two years, you see exactly the same development that happened in the advanced cities. One of the reasons we need our own media is to cut down on the repetition and mistakes. All the cities factionalize and go through the hatred and the tearing down.

**Jeanne:** When I went up to Seattle in February of '73, I saw the cycle. Non-monogamy vs. monogamy was the big '72 issue in Los Angeles, but I found it had drifted to Seattle in '73. There ought to be some way to get it all together.

**Lani:** I'd like to believe there are shortcuts, but the issue of "do you have to experience those things to know them, or can we teach them," is a moot point right now. We can say, "Look, this is what we've learned, do it your way, but accept some of our experience." We could shorten the time-period of coming out of the monogamy and the downward-mobility issues.

**Rita:** The thing that Jeanne was talking about is that now people recognize that the outside enemy is the true enemy. Number one, we are much older than we were when we began.

I was twenty when I started in the gay movement. I'm going to be thirty on Thanksgiving (think of me when you eat turkey). I know that those years have made a tremendous difference. If I could count all the things that I have organized, I would probably be amazed at how productive I was — all of us, we really were the mothers of this movement. We've grown up and we are responsible for our actions.

**Jeanne:** There is a certain nice irresponsibility that comes with coming into feminism, a certain joyful fanaticism that comes with the first clicks. Then, comes the backlash. You realize that collectivity doesn't work all the time, not all women trust. Then, comes the despair that it will never work. Then, comes the adult realization of grappling with compromise and reality.

**Rita:** And you realize that it's the rest of your life, it's not a one-shot deal. There is not going to be a magic moment when we march across the Potomac as the Russian women marched across the Nevsky.

**Jeanne:** Most likely, we'll be dead when our daughters march into Lesbian Nation. We're drawing the map. ▲

## "Super Rich" Control Wealth

NEW YORK--An Urban Institute Study based on 1969 Internal Revenue statistics has revealed that the "Super Rich" who comprise only 4.4 per cent of the adult population own an estimated 35.6 per cent of the nation's wealth. This 4.4 per cent owns:

- 27 per cent of all privately held real estate
- 33 per cent of cash holdings
- 40 per cent of non-corporate business assets
- 63 per cent of privately held corporate stock
- 78 per cent of state and local bonds
- 74 per cent of Federal bonds and securities other than savings bonds
- 100 per cent of corporate and foreign bonds and notes.

Furthermore, the study reveals that if the nation's total wealth of \$3.5 trillion had been divided evenly in America, every adult 21 or over would have possessed \$25,000 in net worth. In fact, however, the holdings of the super rich averaged slightly more than \$200,000 while an estimated half of the population, if they sold all of their assets and paid off all debts, would have been worth no more than \$3,000.



## THIS CLOSE

*your stare is blank today  
except for a moment when  
it hooks me like a fish  
my vision narrowed to  
your face*

*you hold your cigarette lightly  
giving the proper balance to  
its weightlessness  
your sober glance  
bent over someones poem  
resolved to take it seriously  
mine  
was the only one  
you laughed at*

*youll laugh again  
finding out Im more your relative  
than other humans  
or leaves or water  
nothing youve tried to write about  
has ever been this close  
this easy to throw away*

*by Fran Winant*

*SPIRIT, Cont. from Page 15*

that what is closest to our deepest selves is hardest to change. (It was not an accident that gay liberation was the last movement to surface, for isn't sexual oppression what lies closest to the soul?) And along with this recognition must come a certain tolerance towards others and towards ourselves in our struggle to change (not a tolerance for a complacency with the STATUS QUO) — for the road towards the liberation of our deepest selves is hard and long, and I suspect that the ultimate definition of what is sexist, right or wrong may be as fine as a razor's edge. ▲

*SCARRED BODY, Cont. from Page 14*

head is filled with pictures from all the glossy magazines you ever pored over as an adolescent girl. How can I question your references, when I, too, pored over those same magazines and formed those same images of beauty. I brood over every one of my own minor and major imperfections — too small chin, too large eyes, circles under the eyes, too thin, too tall . . . I, too, memorized those images. We all have our afflictions, and our own always seem greater than anyone else's. But for whom do we agonize? For whom are we too this, too that, too much, too little?

My loving your imperfections, or disregarding them, has not made them any less to you, just as your loving mine has not made them disappear. Yet your love for me has diminished them. They no longer hold the significance for me that they once held. While you love me, I forget to remember that I'm ugly. You won't let me remember it, and your not believing it makes me not believe it. ▲

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*FAT DYKES, Cont. from Page 11*

I know a woman who has devoted years of her life to the lesbian community, mediating and supporting and loving women. She has no lover. People tell her how much they love her, how valuable she is to them personally and to the community, how beautiful she is, and still she has no lover. She is too fat. She does not fit into anyone's personal aesthetics. Personal or programmed?

I know a woman who would like to come out. She can't. She says she has no place to come from, and no place to go to. She's right. She's fat.

I know women who sleep with ugly women because they feel they are doing their bit to combat looksism. So they give these ugly women a break by fucking them. Fat women don't want that kind of rescue. We don't need any charity fucks. Frankly, many of us prefer to be with fat women. We find them very beautiful and we understand their bodies, because their bodies are our bodies. Many of us prefer celibacy. There is a lot to be said for celibacy. However, we no longer call it voluntary. We call our celibacy what it is: "involuntary celibacy" or "forced asexuality." We are not pretending any longer that we have a choice. That makes it too easy for you to ignore our sexual oppression. If we are celibate or asexual it is because you give us no other options.

The lines have been drawn. We are calling the lie. We demand that the community as a whole and each individual in it evaluate her attitude toward fat women. Free your sisters, free yourselves. We want you to know that sisterhood is not an easy thing, and that we will no longer consider as a sister any woman who is not consciously looking at flesh for what it is. Our oppressors are our enemies. There can be no other way. ▲

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## Special Announcements

### LESBIAN CLASS OFFERED AT UCLA:

"The Lesbian Experience", will be taught this fall by Sheila Brush, Sharon Cornelison, and Jeanne Córdova. Classes are tues. evenings, 7 to 10. The class will be *free* (Experimental College) this fall only. To enroll: show up any tues. evening at Architecture Building, 1243 B (at north end of campus). Classes run from Oct. 8th to Dec. 2nd. It's o.k. if you are late. This is a primer course which will explore basic lesbian feminist literature, politics, lifestyles, etc. More advanced lesbian courses will be offered in the winter and spring.

### HEALTH CENTER OPEN IN VALLEY

Due to the growing number of women seeking woman-controlled health care, the Feminist Women's Health Center has opened an office at 18345 Ventura Blvd., in Tarzana (take the Reseda Blvd. exit of the Ventura Freeway). We will be offering pregnancy screening, referrals to our Women's Choice Clinic in Los Angeles, as well as Self-Help Clinics and information regarding all aspects of women's health care. Our new office is at 1112 Crenshaw Blvd. (936-6293). Our Los Angeles clinic is also serving women at 1027 Crenshaw Blvd.

### FEMINIST ANSWERING SERVICE:

L.A. Women's Switchboard is now offering 16 hour a day telephone answering and message service for feminists. Please call 388-3491 for further information.

### GAY SOCIALIST ACTIVITIES:

The Lavender and Red Union a Gay socialist organization will sponsor a weekend of films, song, theatre, poetry, workshops and a dance on October 4, 5, and 6.

The Union will show *SALT OF THE EARTH* about the struggles of Chicano working people and sexism and *HOME MOVIE*, about the life of a Lesbian in addition to songs, poetry and theatre on Oct. 4 at 7:30 at Chatterton's Bookstore, 1816 N. Vermont Ave.

On Saturday October 5, Lavender and Red will hold a series of workshops on class consciousness, Lesbianism and socialist-feminism, struggling with sexism and combatting anti-gayness, at their offices at 6618 Sunset Blvd., followed by a dance at Larchmont Hall, 118 N. Larchmont Blvd., in Hollywood. A live band *SIX WOMEN* will play.

For further information contact 465-9285.

### DANCE:

All women's dance; Saturday, Oct. 26, 8:30 pm. Women's Building, 743 S. Grandview. \$2.00 *SIX WOMEN* (band) performing plus surprise!

### LABOR UNION WOMEN MEET:

The Los Angeles chapter of the Coalition of Labor Union Women (CLUW) will hold its third organizing meeting at the A.M.E. church, 2270 S. Harvard, Los Angeles, on Sat., Oct. 19. Discussion on the four major goals of CLUW along with workshops will be held. Registration begins at 9 am. Child care will be provided. For further info contact Kathy Seal 564-7258.

### LESBIAN NIGHT AT GAY CENTER

A new, expanded women's program is being implemented Thursday nights at the Gay Community Services Center.

Included are: live entertainment, dances, raps and exercises for improving personal growth and relationships, art and skills development. Admission is free but donations are welcome.

The new schedule is: 7:30 pm to 8:00 socializing; 8:00 to 10:00 raps; 10:00 on, dancing.

For a schedule of rap topics, mail a stamped self-addressed envelope to: Women's Raps, GCSC, 1614 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90017.

### FAT GROUPS FORMING:

The Feminist FAT Underground has begun consciousness raising groups. The broader issues of lookism will be covered, though the emphasis is on combating the Oppression of Fat women. In the L.A. area. Individuals interested in further information can call 478-3398.

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### SOCIETY, Cont. from Page 3

INGRAINED sexualness in us, by putting them into terms (concepts) which do not fulfill our sensual needs at all, and for which no alternative has yet been proposed. This sets up the conflict of women's emotions/needs versus men's/(society's) concepts and acceptable ideology.

What we as women need to do is create our own concepts, make our own definitions, and live our own life styles. If this were a foreign language, it would be called, making a new map. I feel that the map is already there, only it is being obscured by the clouds of male ideology.

Women's map is sensuality, — a new, positive definition, model and life style. By looking into myself I see that nearly all my needs are sensual: to touch and be touched, caress and be caressed, hold and be held. These needs can only be met by those who have uncovered their own sensual map and do not see me or themselves in the concepts of sex ideology. In this manner, we are meeting on equal ground, as full comrades and true friends. Sensuality is without expectation or goal between those who realize their true needs, because sensuality springs naturally from women. It is ours and only ours. It is freely shared and widely spread. ▲



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